THE ANGUS CLAN

Years 1588 to 1950

Some recollections

By ANGUS WATSON

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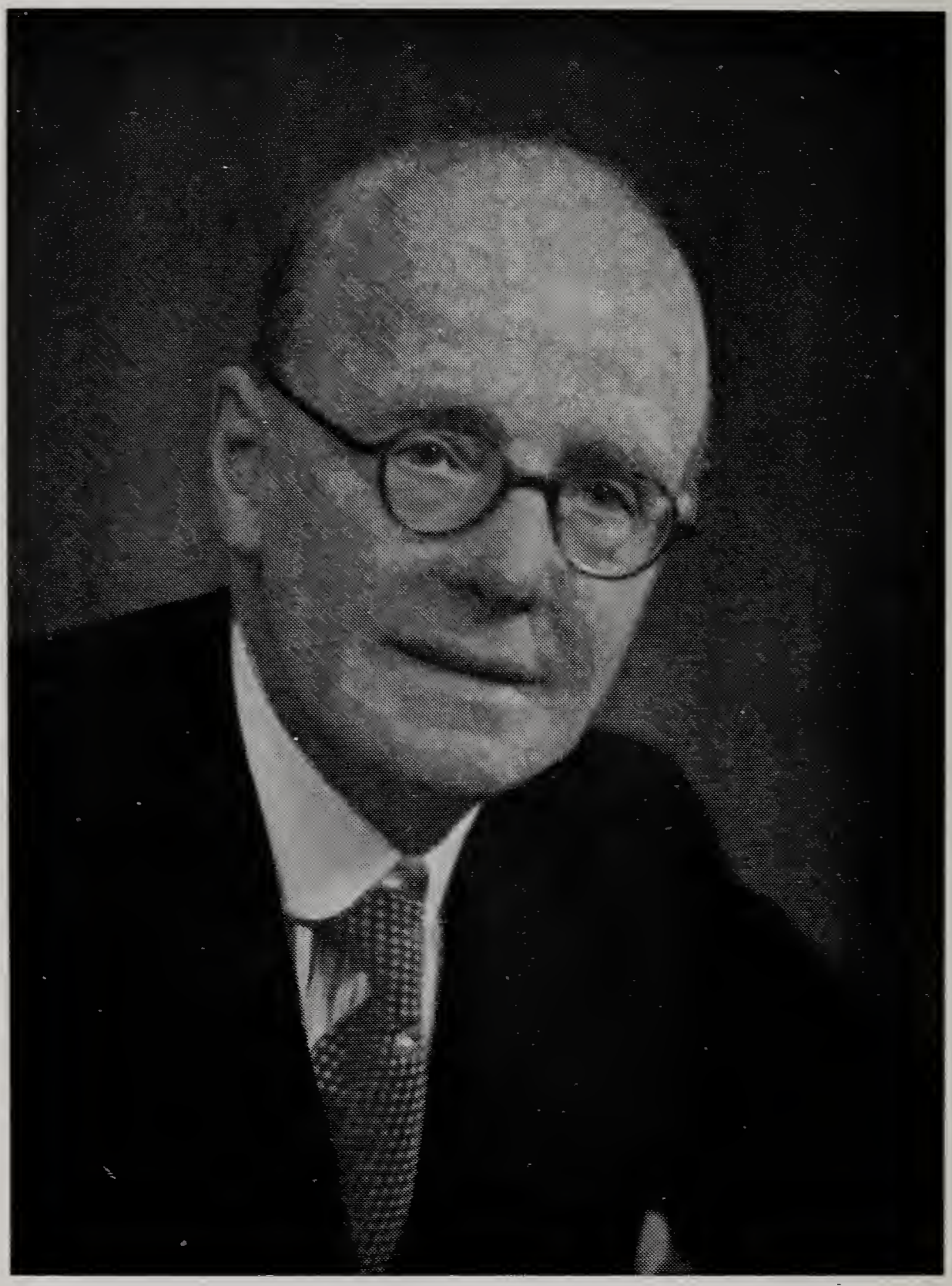

Myself at eighty

THE ANGUS CLAN

(Years 1588 to 1950)

by

ANGUS WATSON

1955

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Note

I owe a debt to Rev. Fergus G. Little, M.A., and to Mrs. Du Pre for permission to include matter in this survey, published by them, and to my relatives Miss Watson of Montrose and Mrs. Smith (her sister) for much valuable assistance, and permission to include two of the family portraits.

Illustrations

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Foreword

IT is strange to realize that if Jane Ann Wilkinson, my mother, who was spending her holiday at Heddon-on-the-Wall with her aunt, Dorothy Wilkinson, had not driven into the Bewick Street Baptist Church one Sunday morning, probably in the summer of 1872, I might never have been born. At that service she met Alexander Watson, my father, who was also a Baptist, and who was a member of the congregation that day. She was then only twenty-two years of age; he was fifty-three. Her father was a Baptist minister in Tewkesbury, Gloucestershire, where he had spent the greater part of his life: my father was also the son of a Baptist minister at Montrose, N.B., who had retired to Tyneside, when my father had settled in business there. This is a record of some of the forbears of two families, in so far as I have been able to trace it.

Few young people are interested in family history: their outlook is forward (as it should be) and not backward; but as the shadows lengthen we become increasingly interested in the stock from which we have sprung. To those who care to read the story, I have told it as simply as I can.

Chapter I

The Angus Clan

MY mother was, on her father's side, a member of the Angus clan, which hailed originally from the Kingdom of Angus in Scotland, and who for reasons that will later be seen eventually settled in the Hexhamshire, Northumberland. Her grandmother was Ann Angus, who married Garner Wilkinson, of whom little is known save that he was a scholar who founded a small boys' school at Heddon-on-the-Wall after he was married, and published a primer on mathematics. On pages 46-50 are copies of two letters which my mother wrote to her half-brother (Angus G. Wilkinson) giving some details of the family there, and facing pages 14 and 15 are two portraits of her grandmother and grandfather, Ann Angus and Garner Wilkinson. They both died at Heddon-on-the-Wall.

Those who are interested in the family history should consult the elaborate "Angus Family Tree" which was jointly drawn up by my great-uncle, Henry Angus Wilkinson, Dr. John Angus (a cousin of my grandfather) who was Principal of the Regent's Park Baptist College, London, and the Rev. Richard Pengilly, in 1878.

I now set out the earlier history of the Angus Clan, which

I quote from an account of it published about a hundred years ago.

The convolutions of the Angus family since they first settled in the Hexhamshire in 1584, and (in so far as it is known) are best followed by a study of the "Angus Tree" which includes my own name, and that of my two sisters and my four children.

It will be seen that some members of the family emigrated to the United States, some to Canada, and others to Australia. I have no knowledge of the American and Canadian branches, but there is a great deal of information available about the Australian branch. Through the courtesy of Mrs. Du Pre (a distant relation), I am permitted to reprint part of her *Sons of Æneas*, which makes fascinating reading at this time, and part of which I now include as a subsequent chapter.

The first authentic record of the settlement of the Angus family in the Hexhamshire is dated 1584 when Alexander Angus arrived from Scotland, and acquired the Juniper Dye House there, and who was the forbear of the family. The "Family Tree" says of him that "he was the father of a large and respectable family of the name of Angus in the North of England, and is supposed to be one of the individuals who fled from Scotland when the Earl of Angus (Archibald, the ninth) escaped from that country in the reign of James VI and settled for a time in Newcastle upon Tyne". For centuries they have been Free Churchmen, mostly Baptists, Liberal in politics, and active in all kinds of

social work. It is thought that Alexander Angus was not only a small landowner, but a dyer, and that the name of the Juniper Dye House was given to it because of that industry. For some time the Baptists met in his house for their religious services, till the chapels were established by various members of the family in other parts of Northumberland and Durham.

HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF THE HOUSE OF ANGUS

The Scottish House of Angus[1] has been traced to a period when a nobleman of this name received from Kenneth, the second son of Alpine, a part of the lands which had belonged to the Picts, for the services he had rendered in the wars which issued in their expulsion. The province called Orestia was bestowed on two brothers; the one named Angus or Æneas, and the other Merns: upon the Division, the former became the first Thane of Angus. The last, named Luthlack, was installed King of Scone; but within three months was slain by Malcolm, at Strabogie. This occurred about A.D. 1056. Their designation was then altered to that of Earl; subsequently, about A.D. 1330, they took the surname of Stuart; and fifty years afterwards, by the second marriage of Margaret Stuart, whose first husband was Earl of Marre, to William the first Earl of Douglas, the two families became

[1] The spelling was changed to Angas, by John Angas, of Dotland, Hexham, the grandfather of the subject of the following memoir: but for what reason does not appear. The alteration, however, has been adopted by some branches of the family.

united. (Dr. Hume's (of Godscroft) *History of the Houses of Douglas and Angus.*)

At what period the descendants of the clan of Angus settled in the North of England cannot be ascertained by documentary evidence; but tradition represents it to have been in the early part of the sixteenth century, when the persecutions of the Protestants, by Cardinal Beaton, compelled the remnants of this almost annihilated house to seek refuge in some other country. Their earliest traceable history is thus connected with that of nonconformity to the Church of Rome; and a subsequent period shows them still further as the consistent adherents and noble sufferers in the cause of religious truth and freedom.

Archibald, the ninth Earl of Angus, and second husband of Margaret Douglas, daughter of Margaret, the eldest daughter of Henry VII, was deeply involved in the civil and ecclesiastical affairs of Scotland. His uncle, the Earl of Morton, who in 1547 was carried prisoner into England, was his tutor and guardian; but having returned after some years, and finding both his own estate and that of his pupil encumbered with debt, he adopted a course of economical privacy. From this, however, he at length emerged into public life. In 1559, he was associated with the Duke of Hamilton in mediating with the Queen Mother, and soon afterwards openly joined the French faction against her, and united with the other noblemen who solicited the interference of the Queen of England. He eagerly identified himself also with the cause of religion, by being amongst the first persons

My great-grandmother, Ann Angus, married Garner Wilkinson

My great-grandfather, Garner Wilkinson, married Ann Angus

who affixed their signatures to the Book of Discipline; and this prepossession he appears to have retained throughout the stormy period of politics in which he intermingled, in the reign of Mary, and the regencies of Murray, Lennox and Marre, till he ascended to that dignity which he employed to enforce its claims. His zeal, though repaid by a general acquiescence—so that "in his time", says the historian of the Houses of Douglas and Angus, "there was no man in Scotland that professed avowedly any other religion than the reformed, or maintained any point of religion contrary to the doctrines of this Church"—was not however characterized by that enlightened liberality which respects the rights of conscience. This language is in itself but too suspicious; and the suspicions it awakens of an intemperate bigotry are but too well sustained by the parliamentary enactments. He had previously, during the administration of his predecessor, participated in the scandalous practice of the noblemen of the day, who put into office mere titular bishops, their stipendaries, who handed over the revenues to them. On this principle he first made Douglas provost of the New College of St. Andrews, bishop, and afterwards archbishop—Patrick Adamson wittily adverted to these abuses in a sermon which contained the following descriptions. He said there were three sorts of bishops: 1. The Lord's bishop, that is Christ's; and such was every pastor. 2. My Lord Bishop; that is such a bishop as is a lord, who sits and votes in parliament, and exercises jurisdiction over his brethren. 3. And the third was my Lord's Bishop; that is, one whom

some lord or nobleman at court put into the place to be his receiver, to gather the rents, and let leases for his lordship's behoof, but had neither the means nor power of a bishop. This last he called a *Tulchan Bishop;* because as the tulchan, which is a calf's skin stuffed with straw, is set up to make a cow yield her milk, so are such bishops set up, that their lords by them may milk the bishoprics.

Having been tossed about in the tempestuous ocean of state affairs, Morton, in 1581, sunk beneath the wave; being beheaded in consequence, as it should seem, of an ill-founded charge of "being airt and pairt" of concealing the murder of King Henry, the father of James VI. The gloom of his last days seems to have been irradiated with the light, as we trust, of real religion.

We now return to the Earl of Angus. After having received preliminary instructions under the superintendence of his uncle, he studied at the University of St. Andrews; and then, at an early period, returned to court. Afterwards, he repented of having too much yielded to the unworthy prejudices of the times, when literature was regarded as suitable chiefly for men of inferior rank, who pursued it as the means of subsistence, and not for the nobility; of whom it was deemed more honourable and useful to addict themselves to athletic exercises, or the invigorating sports of the field.

Upon the death of Morton, being aware of his insecurity in Scotland, he willingly obeyed a royal command to repair to the English Court, where he was treated by Elizabeth with

marked attention and liberality, and succeeded in ingratiating himself into the friendship of the Earl of Leicester, Sir Francis Walsingham and Sir Philip Sidney. The most honourable testimony is given to his religious principles, which he appears to have learned and cherished in the school of adversity. He was accustomed to say that "he would not have exchanged the cross of his first banishment for all the crowns and princes' estates in the world".

The contentions of the nobility having facilitated his return, he was received with great kindness at Holyrood House in October, 1582. He was then desirous of living in retirement, being naturally unambitious; but deemed it necessary to counteract the plots of the Queen's faction, who were endeavouring to undermine the Protestant religion; besides being bound in gratitude, as well as by consanguinity; to the noblemen who had facilitated his restoration, by the removal of those enemies who were the authors of his uncle's death, and the usurpers of his own possessions. In 1583, however, the Earl of Arran was recalled to Court; and Angus, with others of the party of the Earl of Marre, were confined in different places: the former was sent beyond Forth, and finally to Elgin in Moray. The contests of the ministers of the Presbyterian Church with the courtiers, on the subject of religion, now proceeded to a great extent; and vehement complaints were made, that the best of the nobility were continually sent into exile, at once to satisfy the intolerance and the avarice of those in power. The Duke of Lennox, then a child, having been brought back to Scotland, was

restored to his father's estates, and put in possession of the lordship of Dalkeith, which was an inheritance of the Earl of Angus; but thus unrighteously appropriated in order to perpetuate their political hostility.

The Earl of Marre at length assembled the malcontent lords of Stirling to prepare a declaration to the King. Thither Angus repaired, and sent some letters to his friends to join them. One of these, addressed to a Douglas, fell into the hands of his mother; who wrote a severe remonstrance against these proceedings, and avowed that she had prevented her son's journey. The reply of Angus, of which we subjoin a part, exemplified the spirit by which they were all actuated: "The noblemen that are convinced here, have entered upon such a course as becomes them, for discharging their duty both to God and man. What the event will prove, is known only to God, and in his hands alone; if we perish herein, we cannot perish more honourably. Yet we hope that God, in whom we confide, and whose cause we have taken in hand, will work out for our safety, and accomplish that which we intend for the good of His own church; when you and your house (for which you are so solicitous, with the neglect of the House of God and all friendly duty) shall find the smart of such careless indifferency, and perish (as we fear and are sorry for it) through such carnal and worldly wisdom and wariness." This ominous intimation was, in fact, literally fulfilled; for the lords escaped into England for the time, but within eighteen months accomplished their object: while the son and son-in-law of the lady in question

were banished out of the kingdom and miserably perished at sea.

The remonstrance from Stirling was sufficiently pointed against the Earl of Arran, as chief minister, and fraught with patriotic, loyal and religious expressions; but it was unavailable. Proclamations were issued in the King's name, to raise an adequate force for the occasion; but the protesting lords evaded the conflict by flight, passing through Tweeddale and Teviotdale to Berwick. In a Parliament held at Edinburgh, May 22nd, 1584, the estates of the barons, earls and their associates at Stirling were confiscated, the order of church government by Presbyteries, Synods and General Assemblies forbidden, and termed "unlawful conventicles", and the episcopal office and rank again appointed. While these acts were proclaiming at the market cross of Edinburgh, several of the pastors of churches—Lowson, Balcanquell and Punt—went and protested at the hazard of their lives. Soon afterwards most of the ministers of the town fled to Berwick. Thence by English interference, Angus and his associates were removed to Newcastle upon Tyne, that their proximity might not be annoying to the Court of Scotland; and on account of a jealousy on the part of Lord Hunsden, governor of Berwick, who either from personal inclinations or reasons of state, maintained a correspondence with the contrary faction.

In this situation the Earl of Angus became distinguished for his general courtesy, kindness and benevolence of disposition: in particular, he maintained an epistolary inter-

course with the fugitive ministers, urgently entreated them to repair to him at Newcastle, and even for a long time, entirely supported them. When his means were at length exhausted, he said familiarly and cheerfully, "Now it is gone; and fare it well! I never looked that it should have done so much good." The lords were afterwards removed to Norwich, and thence to London, while their friends in Scotland were conspiring to overthrow the Earl of Arran. As the Scots ministers could not obtain a separate church—though this had been moved for in parliament, by favour of the lieutenant—they preached in the Tower, that being a place out of episcopal jurisdiction. The Earl of Angus was their constant and diligent hearer.

The negotiations for their return being at length completed, Angus, Marre and others hastened to the Borders. On the 1st of November, 1585, they published their Declaration at Falkirk; and pushed forward, to possess themselves, which they did with little difficulty, of Stirling; and soon after of the castle where the king and the conquerors became immediately united. Their real loyalty was now apparent, and the king owned himself disabused. Angus devoutly acknowledged that his restoration to his house and inheritance was of God: and so far was he from aspiring to a post of distinction, or seeking personal aggrandizement, that he even forbore for a time to appropriate what was strictly his own. Two years afterwards he dispensed with his privilege of bearing the crown at the King's request, and submitted to take the second place and carry the sceptre. Policy, how-

ever, might have dictated this abandonment of an hereditary right. His associates offered him the situation of Chancellor, which he declined; but at length accepted that of Lieutenant of the Borders. The close of his career, however, was now approaching; an event which occurred in 1588. "He departed out of this transitory life with great comfort to himself, and great grief to all honest men, and with a general regretting of all men; there being none such an enemy to him, or who did so envy or hate him, as not to profess afterwards his sorrow for his death. King, courtiers, noblemen, barons, burgesses, commons—men of all degrees, rank, quality and condition—did lament him; such was the forcible power of virtue in him."

The precise circumstances of the settlement of the Angus family in the vicinity of Newcastle and in the northern districts cannot be further ascertained at this distance of time. Tradition exhibits them as established in that locality from the period of the ninth earl's temporary departure from Scotland, as already related.

The next link in the chain has been recently discovered, by an account in the office at Durham, of the will of Richard Angus, farmer at Dilston, in 1603. He must have been one of the tenants of the unfortunate Earl of Derwentwater's father or grandfather, as that earl was beheaded in 1715 or 1716.

Henry Angus, of Raw-house, in the County of Northumberland, is the first of that name, in the North of England, who professed the religious principles of the Calvinistic

Baptists. This brings us forward to the year 1620. From him has descended one of the most numerous and respectable families in the kingdom. From A.D. 1620 to A.D. 1820, a period of two hundred years, were eight generations, including more than six hundred individuals, all descended from that excellent man.

Chapter II

Some of my Forbears

NOTHING certain is known of my family on my father's side, before the year 1789, when my great-grandfather, James Watson, was born in Montrose. Rumour has it that he was a merchant in Hamburg, who finally retired to Scotland. It is known, however, that he was a Baptist. This form of worship is not common in Scotland, where the Presbyterians express the usual form of worship. It may be that his stock on the male side sprang from one of Cromwell's Ironsides during the Commonwealth and that he married a Scotch woman and established his form of Puritan worship at Montrose. The record of the family, in so far as it is known, is given in my note "My Scottish Visit". Rev. Jonathan Watson, D.D., was the brother of my grandfather and the minister of the Dublin Street Baptist Church, Edinburgh. His two daughters married Sir Alfred Beilby, the scientist, and the late Professor Soddy of Oxford. He was a very gifted man. On my mother's side, a full account of her relations is shown on the "Angus Family Tree", and an account of them is given in "My Autobiography". "The Story of the Northern Baptists" adds a little to this. My mother was a Wilkinson, who had a grandfather (Garner

Wilkinson) who married a Miss Angus. They lived at Heddon-on-the-Wall. It may be that one member of the family (an Angus) married Isaac Garner, who was a pastor at the Juniper Dye House, Hexhamshire, in 1745. It is a family name. One of the last known members of the family is George Fyffe Angus whose "Life" is in my library.

Chapter III

Note for my Sons

I KNOW little of your great-great-grandfather and mother on my father's side, save that they were farming folk who came to Montrose (Forfarshire) when your great-grandfather was a boy. They had a brother, however (Alexander Watson), who must have been an able business man, for he went to Buenos Aires in his youth, made a fortune there, and returning to Scotland when about fifty, retired to his old home at Montrose.

Your great-grandfather became a Baptist minister in Montrose, and lived there till he joined your grandfather at Blaydon on Tyne. Latterly he was blind. You will find him referred to as a scholarly man in *The History of Montrose*. He had two brothers, one of whom was Dr. Jonathan Watson, D.D., a well-known Edinburgh Divine, and another who became a Doctor of Medicine in Montrose.

Your grandfather was educated at the Montrose Academy. He had two sisters who died unmarried, and a brother who was a chemist and who died at twenty-four. He entered into business with a shipping company in Liverpool (with whom he may have got into touch because of the shipping connections with Montrose). A Bible, which has since been lost,

which was given to him by his employer, was inscribed as a presentation "to an able and valued servant". Later he went to Maryport in Cumberland in association with an Iron and Colliery business, as manager, and when about thirty-five came to Tyneside as a partner in William Harriman & Company Limited, Fire-clay Manufacturers. His uncle, Dr. Jonathan Watson, was the father-in-law of Sir Alfred Beilby, the scientist, and Professor Soddy of the Oxford University.

My father married Jane A. Wilkinson (your grandmother) who was on a visit to Newcastle from Tewkesbury. Her father (one of the Angus family) was also a Baptist Minister. His name was the Rev. Thomas Wilkinson. His father was a schoolmaster at Heddon-on-the-Wall, and the author of a text-book on mathematics, well known at the time. Your grandfather (my father) was an able business man and was not married to my mother till he was fifty-five. He had four children—a daughter who died in infancy, myself, and your two aunts—Emma and Jessie. He was small in stature, always wore a silk hat and frock-coat, and had a keen sense of humour. He was widely read and spoke with considerable effect. He died at seventy-five years of age.

Your grandmother (my mother) was twenty-four years of age when married, and was sweet in nature, with a clever brain. After my father's death she was married a second time to Mr. John Becket, an old friend of his, and died at sixty-eight years of age.

Your grandfather's family—the Anguses—came from

FAMILY TREE

James Watson m.
b. 1750
d. 1831

Margaret

Jonathan
m.

Jonathan
d. 1888

Morrison
b. 1845
m.
Eliza Log

ndrew

na b. 1867 Annie. b. 1873
m.
x. Smith

ch William Francis
b. 1898
m. Tang Sien Chow

Anne Chun
b. 1940

which was given to him by his employer, was inscribed as a presentation "to an able and valued servant". Later he went to Maryport in Cumberland in association with an Iron and Colliery business, as manager, and when about thirty-five came to Tyneside as a partner in William Harriman & Company Limited, Fire-clay Manufacturers. His uncle, Dr. Jonathan Watson, was the father-in-law of Sir Alfred Beilby, the scientist, and Professor Soddy of the Oxford University.

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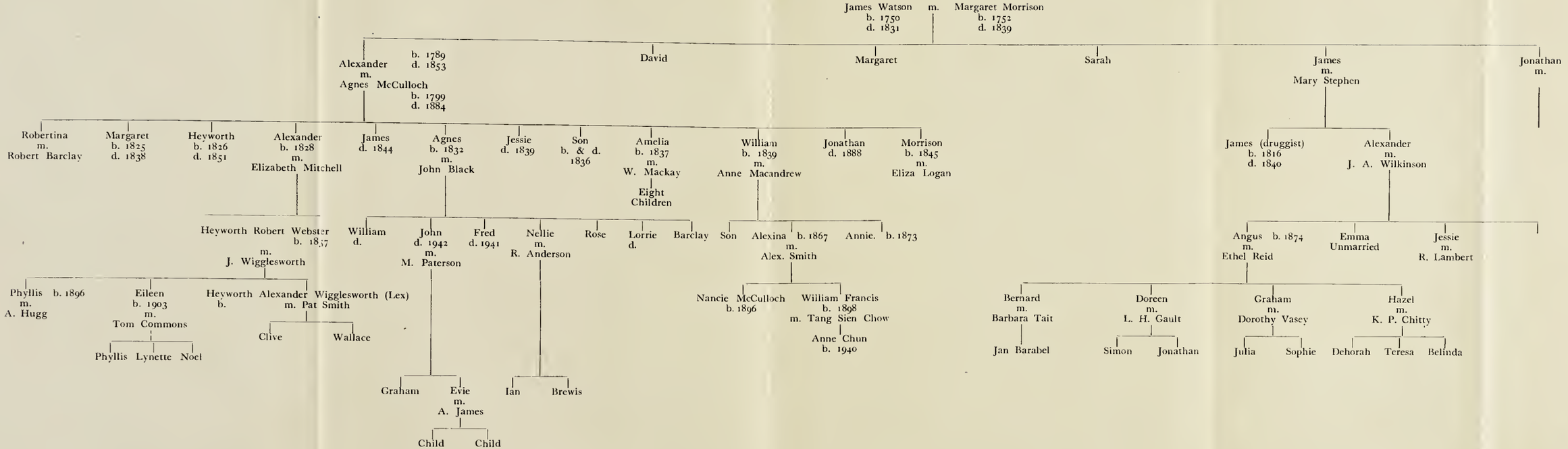
Your grandfather's family—the Anguses—came from

THE WATSON FAMILY TREE (1955)



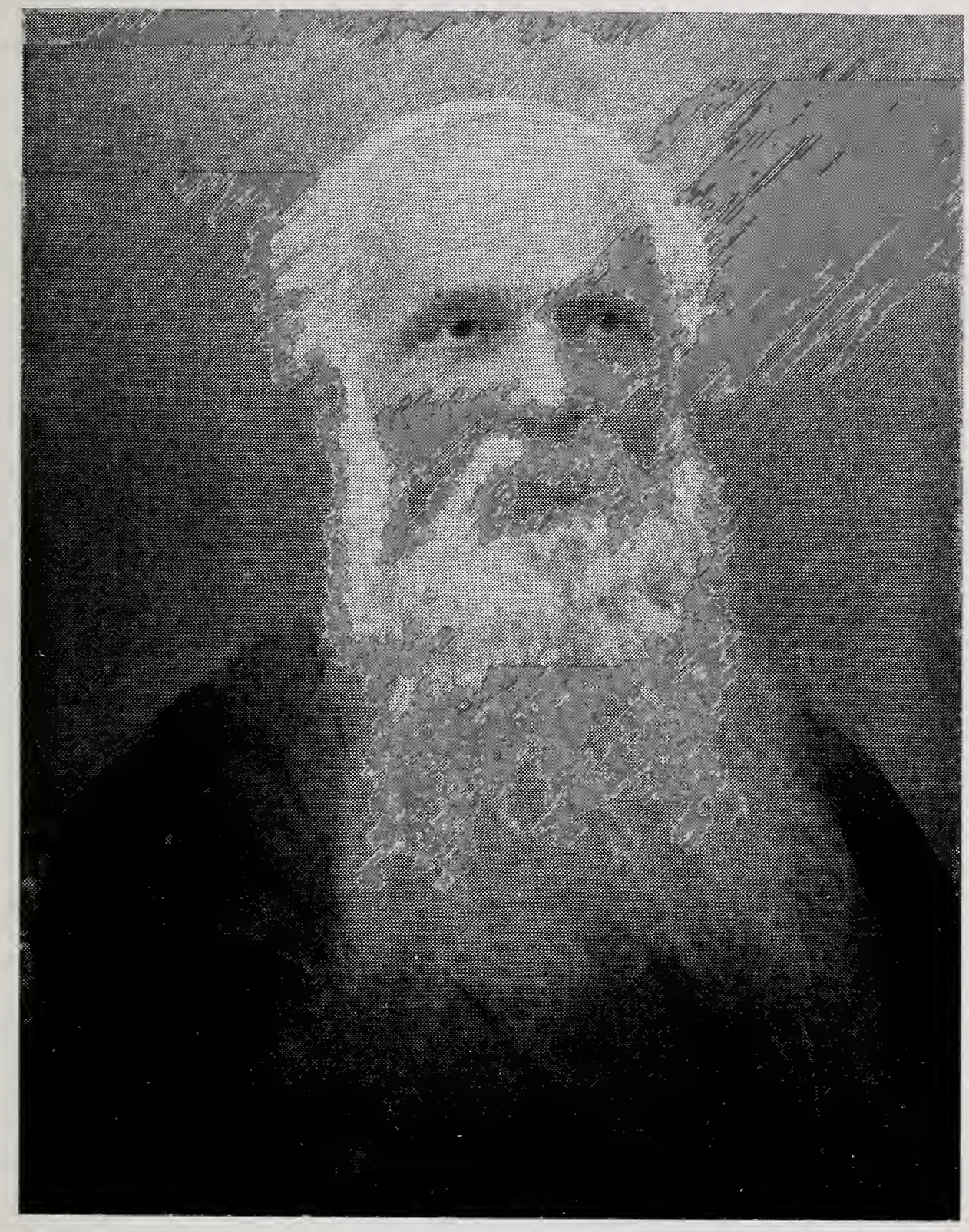
Scotland about 1580. They were members of the Angus clan, but so far as I know, not related in any way to the Earl of Angus. They were driven out of Scotland during a religious persecution, and settled in Hexhamshire at the Juniper Dye House. Sir William Angus of Newcastle was your grandmother's cousin. The full history of this family will be found on the Family Tree.

Chapter IV

My Two Grandfathers

AS I have already said, both my grandfathers were Baptist ministers. My mother's father, born at Heddon-on-the-Wall, finally settled down, after his ministerial training was completed, in a Baptist charge in the lovely town of Tewkesbury, Gloucestershire, first founded in the time of Oliver Cromwell, and in the burial ground of which some of Cromwell's relations were laid. It is a tiny chapel, and may still be seen there in much of its original condition by the curious visitor. Later a larger Baptist Church was built in the town, and in these two chapels my grandfather, the Rev. Thomas Wilkinson, continued his ministry until his retirement. He was born in 1821 and died, full of years, in 1903.

His ministry was a fruitful, if quiet one, for he was an attractive and saintly man and preacher. It was not easy to build up a church under the shadow of Tewkesbury Abbey, but he is still remembered by some of his family for his good works. He was married twice: his first wife, Sarah Teall, died when she was quite young, leaving two daughters —one of whom was my mother; and his second wife, Emma Clifford, who lived for eighteen years after his death, and



My grandfather, Rev. Thomas Wilkinson

bore him four children, two of whom are still living (1954).

My father's father, James Watson, was born in Montrose, N.B., and conducted there for the greater part of his lifetime a ministry at the small Baptist Chapel, founded before he was born. He was almost blind from birth, but was an able and acceptable preacher. Recently I paid a second visit (August 19th, 1954) to this pleasant little watering place and endeavoured to trace back the family history before his time, but was not successful in doing this beyond the birth of his father (my great-grandfather) James Watson. He was one of a large family of twelve children; and with the assistance of his two living descendants—Miss Annie Watson and Mrs. A. M. Smith—who are sisters, I have been able to glean some information about his ministry, and a sketch of his "family tree" precedes this chapter. The Watsons were a gifted and able family. My father, also, was born at Montrose. When my grandfather retired from his life's work, he came to live with my father at Blaydon on Tyne, and there he died. He was born in 1785 and died on the 11th July, 1866.

I attach portraits of both of my grandfathers, taken when they were old men; and the following are the notes of my two visits to Montrose, and the result of my enquiries there, in which I was ably assisted by Mrs. Smith and Miss Watson. The pedigree that I have included in these notes shows that there are still branches of the family surviving.

So my first link with the Northern Baptists was forged by

my grandfathers, and while an accident of locality made me a Congregationalist, and not a Baptist, the two fellowships are so similar in character that I have always felt that my grandfathers would have been equally at home in both communions.

MY GRANDFATHER, JAMES WATSON

The two following comments give particulars of my visits to Montrose during December 1929 and August 1954, in an endeavour to trace the history of my grandfather's forbears. In this I was only moderately successful, and there are still a number of details to be completed.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF MY FIRST SCOTTISH VISIT

My great-grandfather and great-grandmother were James Watson and Margaret Morrison, but I have not been able to trace the birth or marriage certificate of either of them. I think there is little doubt that they were born in Montrose.

My grandfather, James Watson, was born on May 28th, 1789, and died on the 25th February, 1853. He was married to Miss Mary Stephen, who was born on 29th November, 1799, and died on the 16th November, 1844. She was buried at Montrose, and a tombstone may be seen in the churchyard there, giving the date of her death (page 36). My grandfather was buried at Blaydon on Tyne.

Miss Watson, who is the grand-daughter of Alexander Watson, is still living in Montrose, and has a very beautiful portrait of her grandfather and grandmother (my great-grandfather and great-grandmother), and also one of her father.

My great-grandfather had twelve children, of which Alexander Watson, James Watson and Jonathan Watson were the only survivors on the male side. James Watson was my grandfather, Dr. Jonathan Watson had no male issue and died in Edinburgh, and Alexander Watson had apparently only two sons, one of whom is the father of Mr. Watson of Penarth, with whom I have had correspondence, and the other went to Australia. There is now a grandson there called Dr. Watson, 14 Tintern Avenue, Toorak, Victoria, New South Wales. There is now remaining in Australia, the widow of Heyworth Watson and her two daughters together with a son—Dr. Watson. Her full address is: 14 Tintern Avenue, Toorak, Victoria, New South Wales.

I attach a list of the names of the children of Alexander Watson, giving the date of their birth and their death. The only two members of the family now resident in Montrose are Miss Watson, and Mrs. Smith, her sister, who has two children, one a boy and the other a girl. The latter was till recently a teacher in Roedean School, Brighton.

I spent some time with the Provost of Montrose, who showed me the building in which my grandfather used to preach, the school to which my father went as a boy, and the house in which they probably originally lived.

It should not be difficult to trace the forbears of my great-grandfather, who was a Stamp Master (that is, an Inland Revenue Officer) in Montrose, and I am making some further enquiries in this direction.

From the foregoing it will be seen that the only male descendants of the Watson family of whom I have been able to trace any record are Mr. James Watson of Penarth, and his son, who is an actor, myself, my two sons, and Dr. Watson of Victoria, but there are evidently a number of female descendants both married and unmarried.

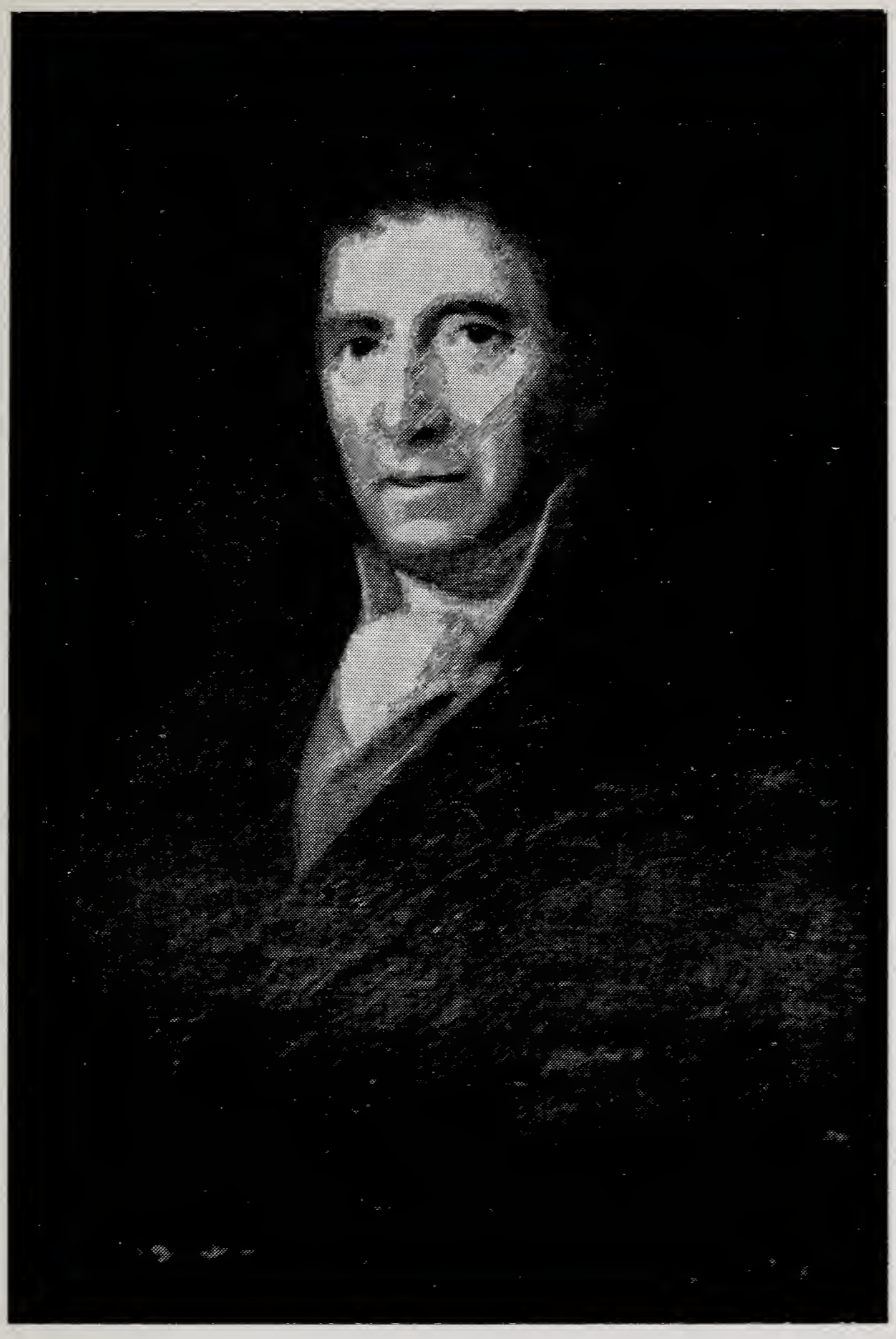
Miss Watson has in her possession the family Bible, giving an entry of the birth and death of each member of her family. Her father's full name was Dr. William McCulloch Watson.

On the female side, there are descendants from Dr. Jonathan Watson in Edinburgh and elsewhere. The late Miss Aikenhead of Moray Place, Edinburgh, is one of these, and the late Sir Alfred Beilby, the distinguished chemist, another. A direct descendant is also the late Professor Soddy, Professor of Science in Oxford.

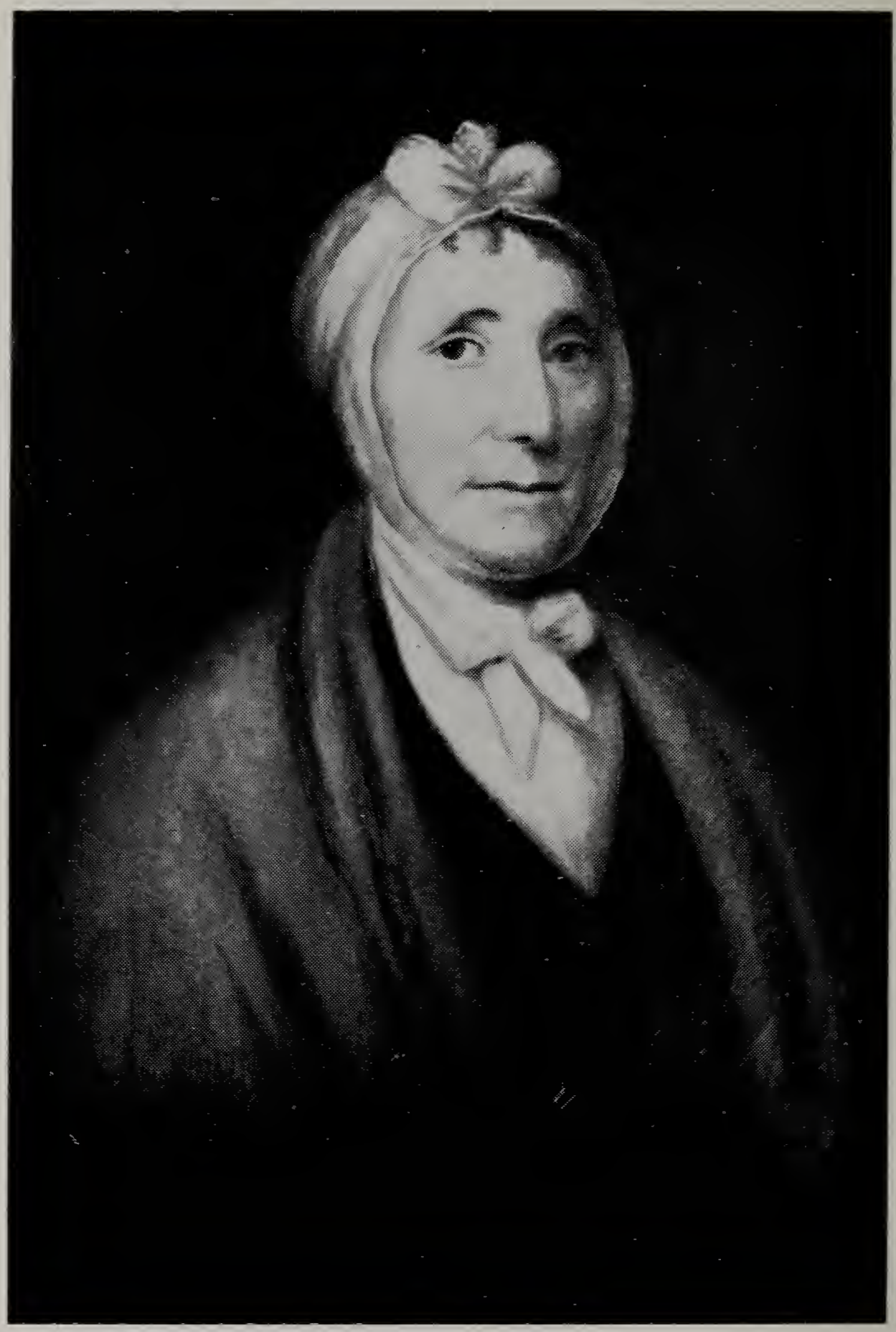
FAMILY OF STAMP MASTER ALEXANDER WATSON, MONTROSE

He had the following family, as noted in the family Bible now in possession of Miss Watson.

ROBERTINA: Born at Hamburg on the 1st May 1823.
Died at Inverkeithing on the 4th November 1901.



My great-grandfather, James Watson, married Margaret Morrison



My great-grandmother, Margaret Morrison, married James Watson

Margaret	Born at Hamburg on the 11th February 1825.
Morrison:	Died at Edinburgh 6th November 1838.
Heyworth:	Born at Montrose 6th December 1826.
	Died at Edinburgh 16th August 1851.
Alexander:	Born at Montrose 2nd September 1828.
	Died at sea 19th December 1863.
James	Born 22nd May 1830 at Montrose.
Kennedy:	Died at Montrose 16th February 1844.
Agnes:	Born at Montrose 15th August 1832.
(Married	Died at Edinburgh 24th November 1903.
Mr. Black).	
Jessie	Born at Montrose 29th February 1834.
Campbell:	Died at Montrose 12th December 1839.
Son	Born at Montrose 29th July 1836.
Unnamed:	Died same day.
Amelia:	Born at Montrose 28th September 1837.
	Died at Edinburgh 23rd November 1892.
William	Born at Montrose 17th August 1839.
McRobert:	Died at Montrose 8th May 1889.
Jonathan	Born at Montrose 22nd September 1841.
Pearce:	Died Bridge of Aln 6th May 1888.
Morrison:	Born at Montrose 12th June 1845.
	Died in Manchester 25th March 1885.

Of the foregoing, Heyworth, Alexander and James Kennedy had no family.

William McRobert was the father of Dr. William McCulloch Watson.

Jonathan Pearce was probably the father of the Penarth family of Watson and Professor Morrison Watson left no family behind him.

NOTE ON MY VISIT TO MONTROSE—AUGUST 18TH, 1954

My great-grandfather was James Watson, who was born in Montrose in 1750. Tradition has it that as a young man he lived for some time in South America, and returning from there was resident in Hamburg for twelve months. What he was doing in either of these places is not known, but he was presumably in trade, perhaps as an importer of linen, which was an active business in Montrose at that time. Of his forbears nothing is known. He then returned to Montrose and settled there as a Customs House Officer—a Stamp Master. He died in 1831, and the inscription on his tombstone is attached to this record. He had at least seven children. One of these—James Watson—was my grandfather. A record of his life's work is attached.

Miss Annie Watson and her sister—Mrs. A. Smith—who are still alive and who I saw to-day, are the daughters of Dr. William Watson, who practised all his life in Montrose. Mrs. Smith has two children, a daughter (unmarried) who is the headmistress of a large school in Highgate, London, and was a mistress at Roedean when my daughter Doreen was there, and a son in mining. The son has one daughter. Miss Watson and Mrs. Smith are both charming elderly women, and Mrs. Smith lives with her daughter in London.

Reference to the pedigree of the family, which faces page 26, will make clear this line of connection.

Dr. Jonathan Watson (my grandfather's brother) was a Baptist minister in Dublin Street, Edinburgh. He had no male children.

So far, the only remaining child (except my own) on the Watson side, is one daughter, the child of William Francis.

From Mitchell's "History of Montrose", 1866
Page 107

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"The Baptist Congregation was established in 1812 and their chapel built in 1826 at a cost of £400. Mr. James Watson, basket maker, was long their pastor: a very shrewd man he was, and very popular. His Sunday evening lectures were well attended, and though he was almost blind, he had a good knowledge of the Scriptures which were read to him by one or other of his family at home. His mind was well stored with Bible truth, and he could hold his own in controversy with anyone. He often took a leading part at public meetings and spoke up for the good of the town. He left town many years ago and went to the neighbourhood of Newcastle where he still continued to preach. Since his time the Church has fallen off, but still continues to meet."

The following is a copy of the wording on the tombstone which is erected in the old churchyard at Montrose:

1797
ERECTED BY
JAMES WATSON,
STAMP MASTER, MONTROSE.

In memory of three of his children, viz: David, Margaret and Sarah, who all died in infancy. And the said James Watson who now rests here with his children, having died at Blairgowrie on the 15th day of February, 1831, aged 81 years.
Also Margaret Morrison, his spouse, who died at Montrose on the 27th March 1839, aged 87 years.

"The Righteous Hath Hope in his Death."

Here also rest the mortal remains of their grandson, James Watson, late Druggist in Montrose, who died on the 15th day of March, 1840, at the early age of 24 years.

"He walked with God, and was not, for God took him."

He was the hope of his parents and of the Baptist Church here of which he was a distinguished member.
Here also rests his mother, Mary Stephen, for 30 years the affectionate wife of his now bereaved father.

Chapter V

Letters from Baillie G. Milne

I HAVE had correspondence also (and a great deal of assistance in my researches) with Baillie John G. Milne, and the following are letters from him. The books to which he refers are now in my possession through the kindness of the Montrose Librarian.

COPY

Greenpark,
Montrose.
21st December, 1929.

DEAR SIR,

I am in receipt of yours of yesterday with enclosure of booklets etc. for which I thank you. As an old Montrosian, whose family has been connected with the burgh for some generations, it is interesting to know that you are of Montrose descent.

This does not seem to be known here, but your forbear, James Watson, was well known. We all know your goods from our grocers' windows.

Further to the information I sent you yesterday from

Mitchell's *History of Montrose*, I have, with the help of the Montrose Librarian (I was Chairman of the Library for many years and still act as Honorary Treasurer), looked up in the Local Corner a book written by your great-grandfather, James Watson, Baptist Minister here—"Esther" an epic poem in four cantos by:

James Watson,
Minister of the Baptist Church,
Montrose.

The poetry is quite good and the notes and addenda show a well-informed writer. Each canto is dedicated to well-known local M.P.'s and others. If you would care to see this book I shall, if you ask me (and undertake its faithful return), authorize the Librarian to send it to you for examination and return.

The *History of Montrose* is the book that would enable you to visualize your great-grandfather's life. It was published at 2/- but in a small edition and any known copies are in the hands of families mentioned in it, and who preserve them as of family interest. Mitchell, the author of it, was my father's school master and my father bought twelve copies to encourage his old dominie. I have gradually gifted the whole of them to former Montrosians, not realizing they would become unobtainable. I gave the last one to Mrs. James Smith of Grantham, whose father built the Montrose Steeple, and who, when she saw this, so wanted it that I had

to make a gift to her of it. If I hear of any copy floating round I will let you know.

I am,

Yours faithfully,

JOHN G. MILNE.

COPY

Greenpark,
Montrose.
27th December, 1926.

DEAR SIR,

I duly received yours of the 24th instant. The position of your relationship to the only surviving Baptist Watson here—Miss Annie Watson—daughter of Dr. William McCulloch Watson—rests on whether Stamp Master James Watson, Montrose (whose *grandson*[1] is described as being "the hope of the Baptist Church" in Montrose and a "distinguished member of the Baptist body here") was the father of James Watson, Baptist Minister, who was your grandfather.

The impression here is that he was, and that there was only one Baptist Watson family in Montrose, and that all come from Stamp Master Watson. Miss Watson has a portrait in oil of the Stamp Master. Her grandfather, Alexander Watson, went abroad, became a South American Merchant,

[1] He was the son of the Rev. James Watson, my grandfather.—A.W.

was prosperous, returned to Montrose, then removed to Edinburgh for the education of his family.

He made two sons Doctors—of whom Morrison Watson, a very brilliant man, became Professor of Anatomy at Owens College, Manchester. The other, Dr. William Watson, came back to his native Montrose and practised as a Doctor here. He died while Miss Annie Watson was young, and not old enough to be greatly interested in genealogies. But he, Dr. William Watson, continued to be of the Baptist persuasion all his days.

Miss Watson is a very charming lady, and now Episcopated as there is not a Baptist Church to attend here. (I met a citizen yesterday who knew your grandfather intimately —Mr. John Taylor who is over eighty years of age.) Miss Watson's niece—Miss Nancy Smith—was a teacher at Roedean, Brighton, and is under the impression she taught one of your daughters there.

So far I have learned nothing of the forbears of Stamp Master Watson, but his descendants seem to be good stock and gifted above the average.

Reciprocating your good wishes, I am—

Yours sincerely,

John G. Milne.

Chapter VI

My Mother

MY mother was an unusually well-read and gifted woman, and from her I have inherited many of the dominating influences of my own character. She was a feminist fifty years before the term had entered into our common speech, and had inherited much of the outlook that had dominated her Puritan forbears, although she was never a strict denominationalist. She had a quiet sense of humour, and dearly loved her three children, of whom I was the eldest. From middle-age she was afflicted by almost continuous ill-health.

Here is a brief sketch of her that I published in *My Life* twenty-five years ago:—

MY MOTHER

My last childhood visit was ended abruptly under circumstances that had a note of tragedy in them. I was at Heddon-on-the-Wall for the summer holidays, and we had been busy during the long, sunny days gathering in the hay. One afternoon when I was returning from the fields on the farm waggon, I saw my father coming to meet us along the

country road. He was some distance away, but there was no mistaking his distinctive figure.

He was short in height, and always wore a silk hat and a tail coat, with a double-breasted waistcoat of flowered silk, and grey, striped trousers. In his hand he had the umbrella that he never failed to take with him, although he had a genius for leaving it behind him wherever he went, so much so that he hardly ever bought a new one, but purchased a supply of a dozen in a bundle at the annual railway sale of lost property, when he said he was almost sure to buy back one that he had previously lost.

As he drew nearer I saw that his usually cheerful face wore an anxious expression, and the fact that he was there at all at that time of day warned me that something untoward had happened. He said little to me when we met, but, after we had had a hurried cup of tea with Aunt Dorothy at the farmhouse, he told me to pack my bag, as my mother was ill and I would have to return home with him at once.

We walked almost silently down the long Heddon Bank road together, crossed the ferry as evening dusk was falling, and reached home by supper-time. It was a sad home-coming. There were two village nurses in the house, and the old family doctor was also there. I was told that my mother was too ill to see me, but I learned from my sisters that she had suddenly fallen down in a swoon while working in the house, and had been carried up to her room.

That night as I lay awake in the silence, with the bedroom

door open, as was usual, so that I might not be afraid of the darkness, I heard voices sounding downstairs, and, curious to know who might be visiting us at that hour, stole down in my night-gown and bare feet to the door of the sitting-room, which was open.

As I stood quietly in the passage I recognized that the voice that had roused me was my father's, and as I listened I heard him say, "Oh, Father, if it be Thy will, let this cup pass from me, for the sorrow that has come to me is too heavy for me." Silently I pushed the door open, to find him on his knees at his desk, the tears coursing down his face. I did not dare disturb him, although an impulse that was almost overwhelming came upon me to enter the room and fling my arms around his neck, so I silently crept back to bed again, where I cried myself to sleep.

My mother did not die, but for three years she was so ill that the shadow of losing her was an ever-constant presence with us all.

Let me try and picture to you what she was like, as I recall her in those early days. When I first remember her she cannot have been more than twenty-seven years of age. She seemed to me then to be tall, for she had a graceful, upright figure, perhaps three inches taller than my father, who was short. There was a sweet but rather sad expression in her face, till she smiled, when it was lit up with a tender winsomeness that made her rather irregular features very attractive. She had a mass of brown hair pinned back from her broad forehead, lively blue-grey eyes, a fresh-coloured skin,

and a mouth that was almost always curved into a humorous smile. Her voice was soft and musical, and she spoke with a gentle graciousness that was very pleasing. She loved music, and played the piano with real feeling and understanding, and had a musical singing voice. She loved pretty clothes, but had little opportunity of indulging this weakness, for my father never made her an allowance of her own, and was frugal in the sum that he gave her for household expenses. She was deeply affectionate, and loved to have her children round her, while she told them one of the many stories that she had either memorized or invented. She was not a trained housewife, for she had never had charge of a home till she was married, but she was a natural home-maker, and was never happier than when busy about some household duty. She loved to sing while she was working, generally one of the hymns that we sang at chapel; till my sister Daisy died, when she never sang again, unless when seated at the piano. She had a rich and cultivated mind, and when nearly forty years of age took a position in the Cambridge Extension Class that was formed for three years for winter study in the village. She was deeply religious by nature, although not in any conventional way, and always stole up to our bedrooms to hear the evening prayers of her children. When I was about eighteen years of age I was reading an address on General Gordon that I had prepared for the Chapel Mutual Improvement Society—an unpleasant name—and as I read it to her I saw that she was quietly crying. "What is the matter?" I enquired. "I cannot help

it," she replied, "I feel so sad that this country allowed Gordon to be killed, and so glad that you understand how great a man he was."

She had a quick mind, and was always ready in argument, but I never saw her ruffled or ill-tempered, and she had infinite patience when sorrow and ill-health came to her. When my father died, she faced adversity with quiet resignation, and never complained when the shadows began to fall. She was a feminist before her time, for she often used to say: "Never forget that there is no sex in intelligence."

I do not think that she was ever actively unhappy in her married life, but there was the impassable bridge of thirty years between the ages of herself and my father. Nevertheless, she was intensely proud of him, and always spoke to her children of him with admiration and affection. Like my father, she was descended from Baptist stock. Her father was a minister for many years at a chapel in Tewkesbury. She died when sixty-eight years old, and I have sacred and precious memories of all that she meant to me right through life, till her death. When I was twenty years of age, and until I was twenty-six, when I left home, I lived alone with her, and these were some of the happiest years of my life.

Two letters written by my mother to her half-brother Angus Garner Wilkinson.

Ingestre House,
Staindrop.
August 11th, 1916.

My Dear Angus,

Anything relating to Father's brothers and sisters interests me very much, because I have heard both him and Aunt Dorothy Wilkinson talk *so much* about them.

First, as regards the *sisters*. Father (Rev. Thos. Wilkinson) had four sisters: Mary, Ann, Eleanor and Dorothy. Mary was a half sister, that is to say, her mother was a Miss Temperley, while Father's mother was a Miss Ann Angus. I believe that Mary's descendants are in Australia. (This is not our only connection with the Temperleys.)

Ann Wilkinson was a sewing maid in John Bright's family; she married a man beneath her in intelligence, and she and her baby died when the child was born. She was little over thirty, I believe.

Eleanor Wilkinson died of fever when she was only about twenty-five, I believe; she was engaged to be married and was deeply lamented, being young, intelligent and good-looking. I have seen the man she was engaged to. He married later.

As a girl I was strikingly like Aunt Ann and Aunt Eleanor —especially the latter, and Mrs. Brewis, who was a while at Ryton (and turned out to be Father's cousin) exclaimed about the likeness when I passed her house.

Aunt Dorothy Wilkinson you knew, didn't you? In the Wilkinson family there were two types; the Angus type and the Wilkinson; the latter believed to be descended from a Viking's son (viz. Wilkinson) had dark, piercing eyes, and a passionate, hasty temper. Father and his brother John and Aunt Dorothy were of the Wilkinson type.

Now as regards Father's brothers—two of them died when they were lads of seventeen and nineteen; their names were, I believe, Isaac and Christopher. Uncle Henry Wilkinson you knew. John married Mrs. Dinning's aunt. He joined the Chartists and had to go to America. I believe he settled in Pittsburg; at any rate his descendants are there—some of them wonderfully like Mrs. Dinning's people; others quite of the Angus type, with strongly marked features. Of course they wrote to Aunt Dorothy and afterwards to Lizzie. Uncle John himself greatly resembled Father; he was even considered handsomer, but he was less; not such a fine presence.

I think that Uncle Joseph was older than Uncle John. We have his portrait, and that of his wife, taken on glass. He was of the Angus type and much more like Uncle Henry than like Father. He had a daughter Eleanor, who is no doubt the Aunt Eleanor referred to. He had also a son Peter. I expect he was the Father of this young fellow. (A soldier from Canada in the 1914-18 War.) I don't know whether Uncle Joseph had other sons.

Aunt Eleanor's address I found among my sister Lizzie's things. I always meant to write and tell her of my sister's death, because she used to write to Lizzie, but you know

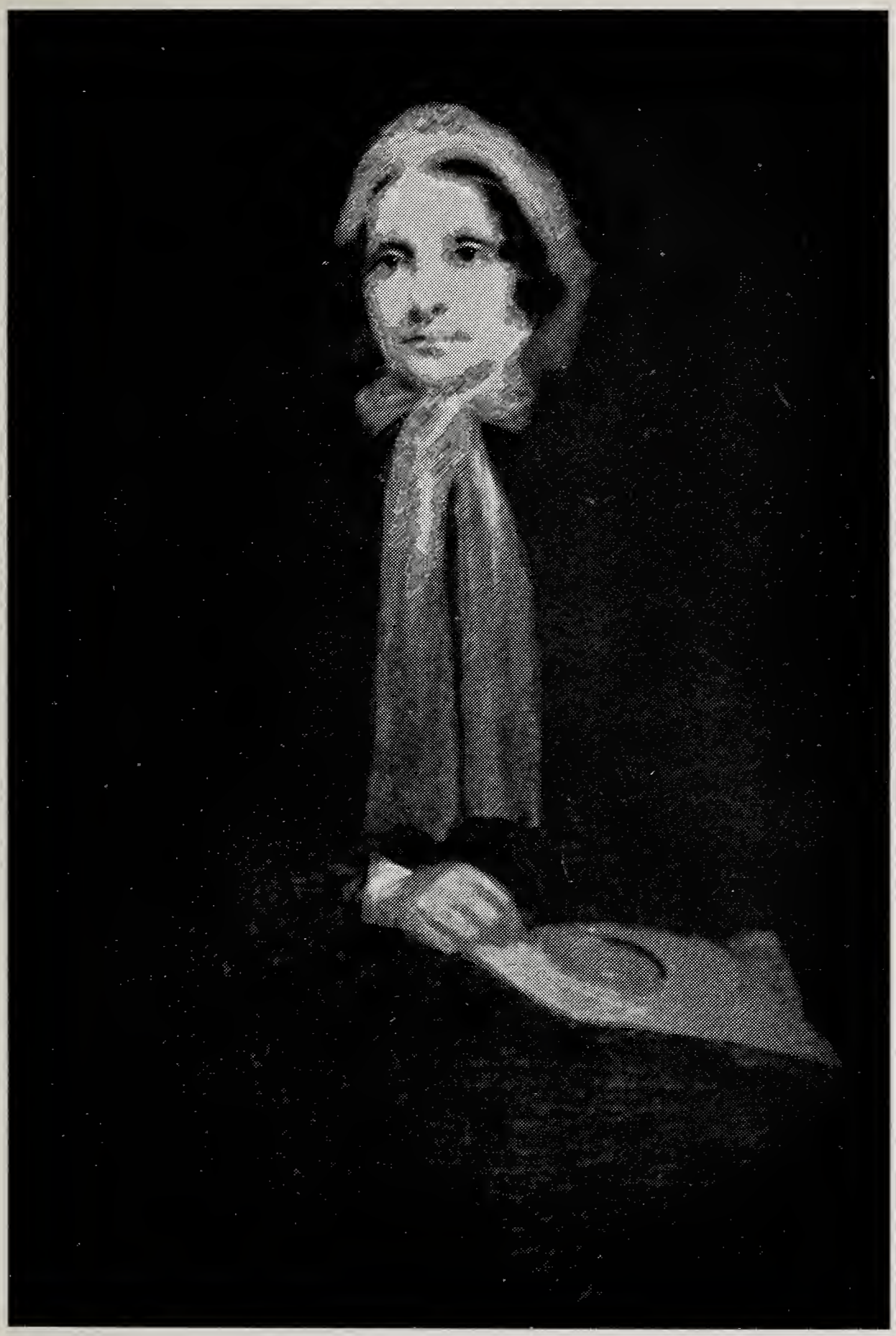
that Lizzie died in June, and my second husband, Mr. Beckett, in the November of the same year, and he was so unwell that I felt I could not begin to write to unknown cousins, I had so many correspondents. Please explain this.

Uncle Joseph wrote and offered Aunt Dorothy a home after his wife died; and later she *much regretted that she had not gone to Canada*; but Uncle Henry had done a good deal for her as regards the little business at Heddon-on-the-Wall; and I think she always hoped she should be able to put herself straight with him. She might have done if she had not given credit to those customers who were unable through misfortune to pay up at the time. She had a hard time at Heddon, and fell and broke her arm on the granary steps, and she never got on with Uncle Henry's wife (Aunt Jeanette) after she came to Heddon; and these things made her wish she had gone to Canada. I visited her from Ryton, and Lizzie was with her when she died.

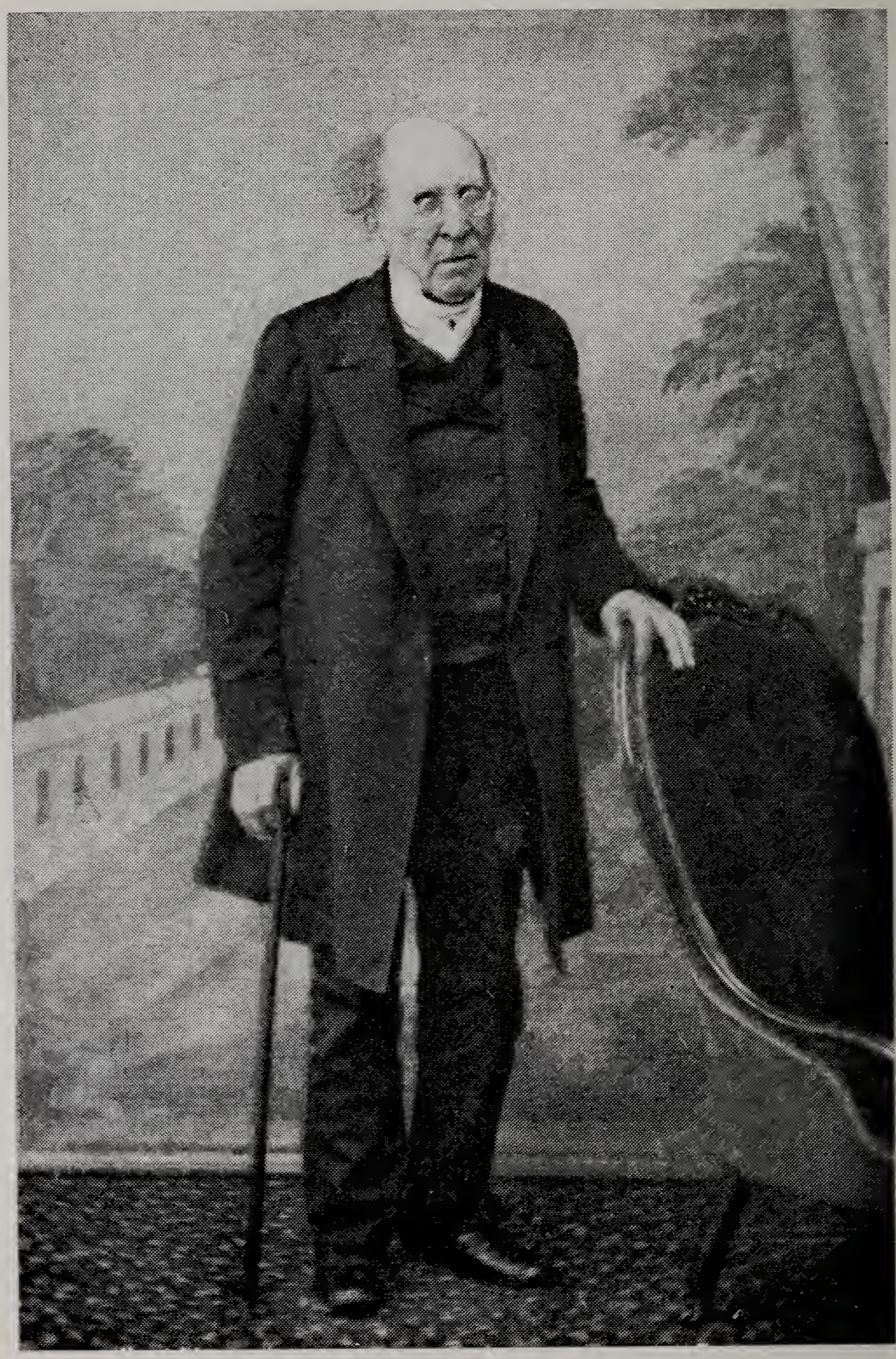
Father was the youngest son, Uncle Henry the eldest. Uncle Henry was great on family history (and helped to prepare the Angus "tree") and so was Father in his later years, and I have inherited his interest.

This young man from Canada may belong to the branch that was so anxious to have a copy of the Angus family "tree". Remember me to him very kindly. I expect his grandfather's portrait is among others at Whitley Bay. I should like to have seen him, and if he likes to write to me, I will answer any enquiries as far as I can.

He belongs to a very old and respectable family, which



My grandmother, Mary Stephen, married James Watson



My grandfather, Rev. James Watson, married Mary Stephen

always valued a good character much more than money or title, and it is a wonderful Providence that brings him under the English colours.

With warmest love,

YOUR DEAR SISTER,

JENNIE.

Staindrop,

August 15th 1916.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I am sure you and our Canadian cousin have got a lot done in the time! I am glad he went to Tewkesbury. He is not married, apparently. What age may he be? Was it he who wrote about the family "tree"? Does he seem much interested in the family history, and is he generally intelligent?

I am amazed that he knew nothing about his Uncle John. He married a Miss Wailes: Mrs. Dinning's brother was called Robert Wailes Cooke. Jane Wailes was much more intelligent than her sister who became Mrs. Cooke, so Father said.

I am sorry I do not know where Father's sisters and brothers were born. Father was the youngest of the family, and was born at Heddon. I feel confident that Joseph took his wife with him to Canada, but I don't remember any particulars. I must get Jessie to look at Whitley for the portrait of Joseph and his wife. They were taken together. Joseph

has Uncle Henry's and Grandmother's grey eyes. I should say he was a real Angus.

Grandfather Wilkinson died when Father was only eight. He was a very good religious man (gather this *vide* his letters from Miss Temperley) and he was a scholar. He taught mathematics to young gentlemen in the Oxford and Cambridge recess, and Father said if he had written a work on mathematics, it would have been a standard book, as he had methods unknown to the general public. I think Father was right about the derivation of the name Wilkinson—Viking's son—for when Mr. Watson came home from Scandinavia he often told me my colouring was Scandinavian and not the English pink and white. And you know Father was the very picture of a Viking!

John Bright was married twice, and Ann was serving maid in his first wife's family. Father always said it was the disappointment and disillusionment of Ann's marriage that caused her death. Eleanor was engaged to a Mr. Laws—I remembered the name after—and he never forgot her. There seems to have been general lamentation over her death. She must have been a fine girl. Grandmother adopted four children after bringing up eleven! Two boys called Hunter went to America and wrote to her as long as she lived. It was she who managed the "farm" at Heddon, and she sometimes made twenty pounds with her rhubarb, sending it to Newcastle. She drove a light conveyance herself, and it was she who was stopped at Walbottle Dene by a man who jumped out of the hedge (page 91).

Jane Wilkinson, (married Wilson of Temperley), Father's (Rev. Thos. Wilkinson's) first wife.

Of Ann Angus and Peter Wilkinson

Mary Wilkinson	Born	29th May	1804
H. A. Wilkinson	„	24th May	1805
Christopher Wilkinson	„	13th April	1808
John Wilkinson	„	5th May	1810
Dorothy Wilkinson	„	6th March	1812
Isaac Garner Wilkinson	„	19th September	1813
Ann Wilkinson	„	28th March	1815
Joseph Wilkinson	„	16th April	1817
Eleanor Wilkinson	„	22nd February	1819
Thomas Wilkinson	„	10th March	1821

Two brothers (Wilkinson) died in early life, aged respectively about 17 and 19—not quite certain, but believe of a decline:

Elder sister (Wilkinson) died—not sure of what complaint.

Ann died of consumption—aged 35.

Eleanor died of typhus fever—aged 27.

Three brothers living aged respectively—

One sister living aged—

(Written by my mother (J. A. Wilkinson) to A. G. Wilkinson.)

Thomas Wilkinson	Born March 10th	1821
	Died	1903
Married first—		
Sarah Teall	Born August 1st	1818
January 18th 1848.	Died February 14th	1854

Children of the above:

(1) Jane Ann Wilkinson	Born June 23rd	1849
(2) Henry Angus Wilkinson	Born February 27th	1851
	Died May 8th	1852
(3) Elizabeth Sarah Wilkinson	Born July 18th	1852

Married second—

Emma Clifford	Born November 26th	1837
July 3rd 1860.	Died	1921

Children of the above:

(1) Charlton Wilkinson	Born October 2nd	1861
	Died December 21st	1948
(2) Bernard Clifford Wilkinson	Born February 23rd	1866
(3) Angus Garner Wilkinson	Born August 11th	1871
	Died April 5th	1940
(4) Eleanor May Wilkinson	Born May 1st	1873

Charlton's son—Clifford. Born June 9th 1902.

Bernard's children (1) Kathleen Mary.
(2) Hilda Grace.
(3) Bernard James.
(4) Alan.
(5) Dorothy Marjorie.
(6) Donald—died as child.

Angus's son—Thomas Garner. Born March 26th, 1902.

Chapter VII

My Father

WHEN quite a young man, my father settled on Tyneside, and founded with a partner a fire-clay manufacturing business, which he carried on for the greater part of his lifetime. It was modestly successful, and still continues to flourish with steadily increasing prosperity.

I drew a brief sketch of him in *My Life*, published by my two sons in 1930, but now out of print.

This is what I then wrote of him:—

MY FATHER

When I was twenty years old my father died; but before I tell of his passing let me try to recall some of his quaint characteristics that I found so endearing, and to the influence of which I owe so much in my own life.

He was born in Montrose, his father having the pastorate of a little Baptist community there. He was one of a family of four, two brothers and two sisters, and was well-educated at the Montrose Academy, which was then, as now, the principal centre of education for the whole county of Angus. His father, according to the *History of Montrose*, written by

a native about that time, was an eloquent and forceful preacher, but from boyhood he had been nearly blind, and the frugal income earned by his ministry was so precarious that the two sons had to share in the responsibilities of the family budget as soon as their boyhood was ended.

The younger of them, who was training to be an analytical chemist, died when in early manhood, and at about the same period my grandfather became almost blind. My father was engaged with a firm of linen manufacturers in the coastal shipping port there, but he soon left that post to take up a position in Liverpool, so that he might increase the family income. When he was about thirty he was offered a partnership in a manufacturing fire-clay business on Tyneside, and settled down there, bringing his father and his two sisters to live with him.

Because he had the responsibility of providing a home for them all it was not possible for him to marry until he was more than fifty years old, when he met my mother, who was only twenty-four years of age, and (as I have already related) came with her after their marriage to live at Ryton on Tyne. His father and elder sister were no longer living; his younger sister became a member of our household.

As I first remember him, and I could not have been much more than three years old at that time, I recall a short, rather spare, cheerful figure, clad in a black cut-away coat, a bright-figured waistcoat, carefully pressed striped trousers, an ever-present umbrella, and a silk hat. He had an unusually high, domed forehead, was nearly bald except for scanty grey hair

in parts, possessed humorous, dancing, grey eyes, half hidden by his spectacles, a prominent nose, and grey side-whiskers, with a clean-shaven chin and upper lip. He was extraordinarily energetic, always up by six o'clock in the morning, and seldom in bed before midnight. He loved a joke, and had an inexhaustible store of stories that he used to retell with real enjoyment. Like Dr. Johnson's friend, "he sought to be a philosopher, but cheerfulness kept breaking through". He had little understanding of children, but he loved his family dearly, and constantly sacrificed himself to do his duty by them.

I remember how, as a boy, he bought a violin and a concertina for me, and bade me learn to play them, although I had not the slightest gift for music. It was entirely in accord with his outlook that he expected me to do this without tuition, and from a written primer that he had also bought at the same time. He was strict in his personal living—we nearly always had family prayers before our bed-time, and he encouraged my aunt to impose upon our childish minds an extensive reading of the Bible.

He was an acceptable lay-preacher, and he and I often used to walk considerable distances on the Sunday, sometimes ten miles or more, to the little country chapels in the district. On these journeys he used to expound to me the basis of his faith, and with my childish mind I tried to understand his teaching as far as I was able to do this. Little of what he taught me then still remains with me, though doubtless it left its own unconscious impression on my

mind, but some of the things he used to say are still remembered.

"You cannot always secure the respect of your fellows," he would say, "they will often misjudge you and misunderstand your motives; but there is one man whom at all costs you must keep on good terms with, and that is yourself.

"Never say to a woman, or do to a woman, what you would not repeat or do to your sister; some day she may be some man's mother."

He hated the theatre, although he had never visited it—the "threshold of Hell", as he called it—and card-playing with "the Devil's visiting-cards", and dancing, "the frivolity of fools".

"Never waste time," he would say. "That's one of the things that money cannot buy."

"Do at least one thing each day that you would rather not do; that is an excellent way to learn self-discipline."

"A good habit is as easy to cultivate as a bad one, and much more useful."

These and many other of his shrewd sayings I remember to this day. He constantly strove to discover the finest qualities hidden in fallible human nature; and was always generous in judging the actions of his neighbours. One amusing hobby that he practised was the homeopathetic medical treatment of anyone who would accept his medicines. I must have been frequently dosed by most of them as a child. This, when I grew older, I used to regard as a harmless eccentricity, until recently I learned that one of

the leading specialists in London at the present time was generally administering the same treatment, although not a practising homeopathist. He was fascinated with the mysteries and problems of medicine, and had made an extensive study of the whole subject, probably because one of his uncles was a distinguished Edinburgh doctor.

A short while ago an old lady told me that my father had cured her, as a girl, of some obscure disease when her own doctor had abandoned the case.

Often the village doctor would come in of an evening to discuss his cases with him, more as a matter of mutual interest than to obtain his opinion.

He loved poetry, and could recite long passages from Shakespeare, Tennyson, and Wordsworth, and in the quiet of the winter evenings we often drew our chairs round the fireside, my mother with her sewing in her hands, and Aunt Mary with her knitting, while we listened to him reading aloud some book or passage that had interested him. More often we each read our own selections in the silence of the room. He was never a deacon of the chapel, as he was regarded as "unsound" on infant baptism—as indeed he was, for he hated the ceremony, saying that there was no scriptural warranty for it—as is true—and would never allow his own children to be christened—but he joined its fellowship and loved to share in its worship.

Perhaps our happiest time in the week was the night when the minister came in to share our cold supper, and over a churchwarden clay pipe talked with my father far into the

night, the children sitting round as silent listeners till the hour for bed arrived.

One day, when my father was nearly seventy-two, he came home from one of his periodical London business visits complaining of a violent headache, but as he had always enjoyed exuberant health, we did not treat his indisposition seriously. Next day, however, he was unconscious, and he lay in a condition of complete insensibility for eight days. My mother and I shared the night-watches by his bedside between us, but there was little that we could do for him, and his old doctor friend gave us no hope of his eventual recovery.

I was sitting about two o'clock one morning in the silence of his bedroom, which was lit by the feeble glimmer of a shaded night-light, and listening to his heavy regular breathing, when I heard him speak, as he slowly drew himself up on his pillows. I went over to his bedside to raise him, and to offer to help him in any way that I could, but I saw at once that he did not recognize me, and that his thoughts were far away.

"Let us begin the worship of God by joining in the Lord's Prayer," he said in a clear voice.

"Our Father, which art in Heaven,
Hallowed be Thy name.
Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done
In earth, as it is in Heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses,

As we forgive those who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation,
But deliver us from evil:
For Thine is the Kingdom, the Power,
And the Glory,
For ever and ever. Amen."

After he had repeated this prayer slowly, but quite distinctly, he announced:

"Now we will sing the first hymn. 'His love in time past forbids me to think'.

His love in time past
Forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last
In trouble to sink;
While each Ebenezer
I have in review
Confirms His good pleasure
To help me quite through."

It was his favourite hymn, and he recited the verse right through.

"Let us now read the lesson," he said.

"The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.
He leadeth me through the green pastures
and beside the still waters;

He restoreth my soul;
Yea, though I walk through the Valley
of the Shadow of Death
I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.
Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table for me
In the presence of my enemies;
Thou anointest my head with oil;
My cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
All the days of my life;
And I will dwell in Thy house for ever."

Lovingly he uttered each sentence, as if making it again his own.

"There will be no address to-day," he continued, "let us close with the Benediction.

"The grace of Lord Jesus Christ, and the Love of God —the eternal Spirit, rest and abide with you all, now and until the shadows flee away."

Slowly he sank back on his pillows once more, and as I moved forward to arrange these in comfort for him, I suddenly realized that he was no longer there. I had never witnessed a soul adventuring out into the Eternal before, but I now knew that the experience might be an altogether beautiful one. It was Sunday morning when he passed over.

Eight of his workmen asked to be allowed to carry him to his earthly resting place, and, when the last simple ceremony

was over, my mother and I returned to the silent house. Gradually we began to realize to the full all that the parting from him was to mean to us both. He had always been so brave and so self-contained. He had never complained of the burdens that he carried and which he must have felt increasingly heavy with advancing years. He had always faced the difficulties that had confronted him with a quiet and resolute courage. With his cheerful smile and his confident spirit he had constantly given us his deep, unchanging affection. Now he was gone, and the many things that I would have wished to say to him must forever remain unspoken.

When the outstanding bills had been paid we were able to take stock of the future. We had the house in which we lived —that was our own—and the furniture contained in it, and four hundred pounds in the bank, and six hundred pounds in scrip on which no dividend had been paid for ten years, and I was earning one hundred and twenty-five pounds a year. One of my sisters was at school in Germany, and the other in Switzerland. We decided to allow them to remain there for the time being.

Suddenly I realized, as I thought about it all, that my boyhood days were over, and that I was now a man. I had been in business three years, and had never had a holiday during that time.

Chapter VIII

A Note on my Father, Alexander Watson

THE following appreciation of my father was written on his death by a fellow citizen in Ryton on Tyne, Mr. John Cocks, and published in the local Press. I reprint it without apologies as it is a true portrait of him, as I recollect him. I need hardly say, however, that I do not accept his interpretation of the Baptist communion. Most of the facts in the article must have been provided by my mother: —

Early on Monday morning, 19th March, 1894, there passed away from our midst one who, in his life, won respect and love from all who knew him. We mean Mr. Alexander Watson, so long resident, and so well known, in Ryton. Tokens of widespread esteem were not wanting. People about the Mission Room, among whom he had toiled hard in the Lord's name, showed unmistakably their feeling that in his death they had lost a real friend. The respectable and respectful company, gathered at his grave in Ryton Cemetery on Wednesday, 21st March, was an indication of the wide

range of life touched by the departed. A common regard and sorrow melted away sectarian distinctions among Christians, and brought together for the moment persons of very different positions in life.

Mr. Watson, it appears, had passed the "three-score years and ten" which are, according to the Psalmist, "the days of our years" and he had been spared the "labour and sorrow" which are to be expected after that age. It had been his earnest desire not to be left to lie "as a stranded hulk" but to enter into rest soon, when his day's work was done; and the wish was granted.

Our friend was a "son of the manse". His father was, at the time of his birth, a Baptist minister in Montrose—a considerable town, beautifully situated by the German Ocean, some forty miles south of Aberdeen. His uncle was the Rev. Jonathan Watson, of Edinburgh, a very notable man. Of his early days, we know little; but we think his boyhood must have been bright and joyous. He received a good education at the Montrose Academy; but his education was a real training, not in letters only, but in mind and spirit, and the study of God's Word bulked largely in it.

He came early under spiritual influences. The late Mr. Henry Wilkinson, who used to visit Montrose at times, left it on record that he heard Mr. Watson, while a youth of nineteen years, leading his father's flock in prayer, with a felicity of diction and a fervour that were surprising. These first religious impressions were happily not, like Ephraim's, "as the morning cloud, and as the dew that passeth early

away". Before leaving his native town, he took, for a time, the duties of a ministerial friend as prison chaplain.

Linen manufacture is one of the Montrose industries; and the young man got into that business. Some thirty years ago, a vessel was wrecked at the "Black Middens" just south of the mouth of the Tyne. She was laden with goods from the Montrose firm he had served. Mr. Watson exerted himself a great deal in looking after insurance and the rescue and sale of the goods. A Bible, which his former employers then presented to him, testifies their gratitude for his services. He soon found his way "across the borders" and was in a cloth manufacturer's office in Liverpool, in which town he took up work as superintendent of a Sabbath-school. He afterwards went to Whitehaven and Cockermouth in much the same line.

While thus engaged, he met Mr. Harriman; and, when about twenty-six years old, he came to be a partner in the firm, which he has been connected with ever since, though the concern has had several changes. Over forty years ago, he came to reside at Blaydon; and there his home was shared by his father and two sisters. Until his father's death in 1869, he did not feel free to marry; but in 1872, he was united in matrimony with a daughter of the Rev. Thomas Wilkinson. Mrs. Watson survives, along with her son James Angus and two daughters, Emma and Jessie; and we affectionately commend them to the God of all consolation for strength and for counsel.

Mr. Watson's death was a sleep and a forgetting; his end

was peace. He did not seem to be aware of his coming change; and at last he was unconscious. His last day was a calm Sabbath; and, as he lay at the gate of Heaven, so to speak, a supernatural stillness seemed to fill the room, especially as it drew slowly on to evening; and the new day had hardly passed its first hour, when, without a groan or a sigh, the earthly tabernacle lay deserted; and "he is not here; for he is risen" and his "spirit returned unto God who gave it".

"So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While Heaven and earth combine to say,
How blest and righteous when he dies."

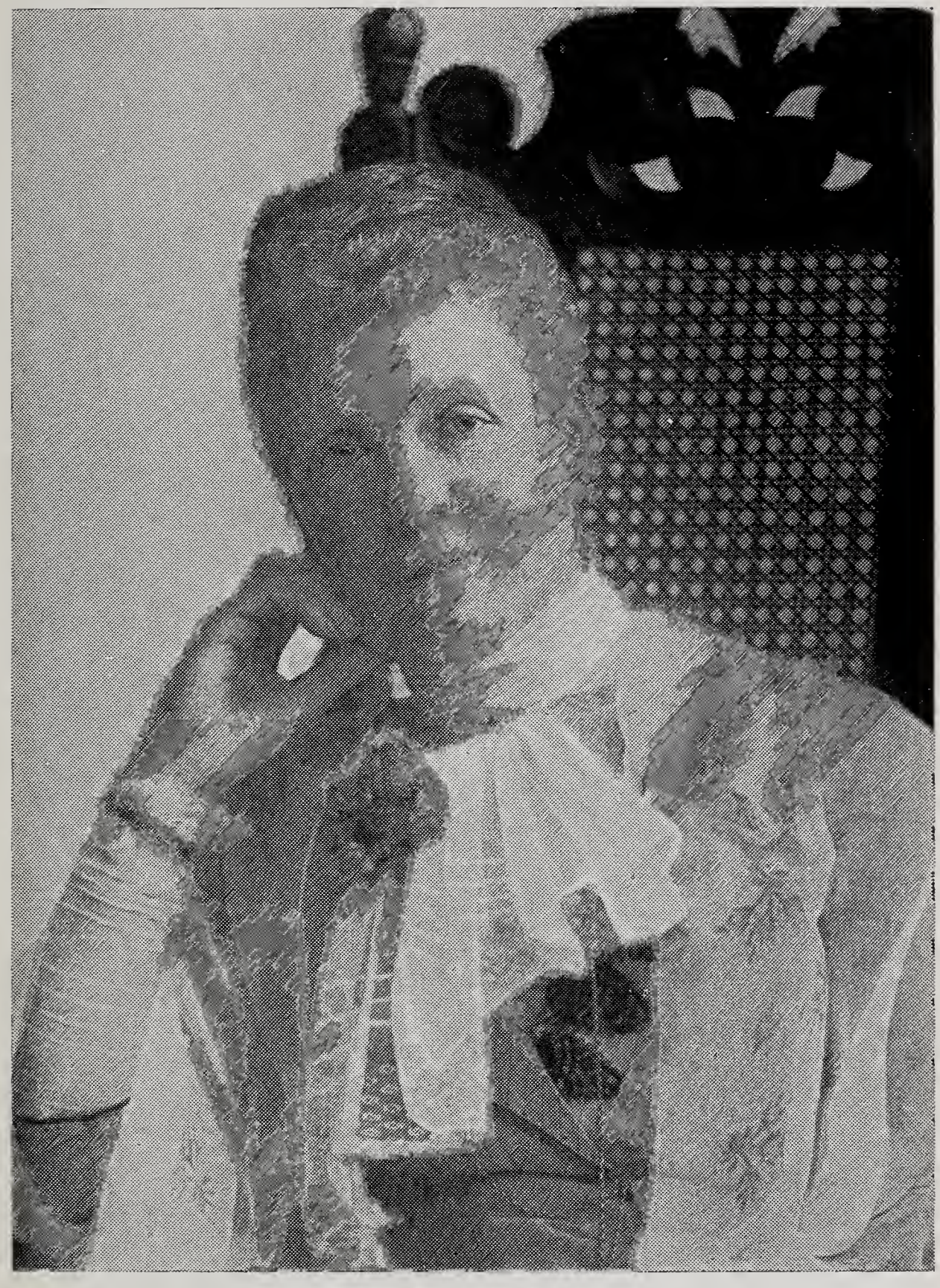
ANNA L. BARBAULD.

His business career was by no means "all plain sailing"; and the wonder is that he never lost heart. He cannot, perhaps, be called a successful business man; but he could hardly be beaten for persistent and earnest effort. He was

scrupulously honourable and considerate—even to a fault—of the interests of others. He was very resolute in action; no one could turn him from a purpose which he thought right. He would any time take a long journey on short notice. We have heard of his coming from Norway, and finding he had left something undone, he returned on the instant, as though it were in the next street, distance or danger being no object.

To look for a moment at the man as he stood, his youthful and buoyant spirits were quite a striking feature. His character was transparently good. He was enthusiastic; it was this perhaps which led him to undertake what others did not like to do, such as pointing out a duty to someone, begging for good work, and so on. His impulsiveness often brought him into danger. He would get off before a train stopped; and once or twice was thrown down. He was once left at a French station without money or a word of French; yet somehow he got to his destination. It is no small blessing that he did not come by his death in one or other of his journeys. He had just been travelling for several weeks shortly before his illness; and had a slight mishap while away. One impulsive act of his deserves mention. A lecturer was airing his infidelities at Brighton once on the promenade; and Mr. Watson, who was passing, drew up and challenged the speaker. He spoke half an hour on that occasion quite extemporaneously and came off victor in the logical fray; but he was never known to mention to anybody what he had done.

He was faithful to his home. An old friend reminds us



My mother, Jane Ann Watson

My father, Alexander Watson

how kind he was to his father. He would pull something out of his pocket and say to the old man, "Look, father, what I have brought you from town"; or it would be, "Oh, father, I saw such-a-one to-day"; and then would follow all particulars likely to be interesting to his father. Or he would give many kind messages from persons who had enquired after the old man, who grew blind in his latter days. Last time we saw him with his only surviving sister, it was beautiful to see the polite attention he showed to her. After this, it goes without saying that he was, as husband and father, tender and true.

But Mr. Watson was a lover of humanity. One reminiscence of him bears that, being a believer in homeopathy, it is quite incredible how many persons he visited, and in some cases healed, without payment of any kind. Sometimes he cured those whom the doctor had given up. In ordinary affairs, too, he seemed ever solicitous, as well as ready, to do a good turn. His devotion to duty was quite untiring. Home had strong charms for him; but he never allowed its allurements to keep him from doing his duty. His active interests led him into many charitable and benevolent undertakings, into all schemes for improving the people, into politics, local bodies, temperance, as well as works distinctly Christian.

As a Christian, he was not narrow in his convictions, except perhaps on one point. It would not be fair to our subject, nor to ourselves, if we did not mention that he was a decided Baptist, in which special doctrine we do not agree

with him, though we will not now discuss the subject. But in essential matters his views were clear and deep. It was impossible for one of his stamp to doubt Gospel truth, or his personal interest in the Saviour. He breathed a purer air than that which too freely plays around men nowadays. He was a man of prayer; his devout words and his reverent boldness cannot soon fade from our recollection.

As a Christian worker, there never was one more willing and more cheerful in it. He was courageous in urging the truth upon the careless and the bad. He took an intelligent part in theological discussions, in religious movements, and especially in evangelistic efforts. To ministers, he was a kindly and sympathetic friend. "I shall miss him," was the emphatic testimony at his burial of the Pastor of the Church he has attended so long; "no one was more sensitive in his respect for the delicate position and work of a minister than he." Such feelings he no doubt gathered from his extraction and his life-long association with ministers.

On the whole, Mr. Watson appears to have acted on Wolsey's advice:—

> "Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
> To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not:
> Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
> Thy God's, and truth's."
>
> SHAKESPEARE.

Of such lives in the world and in the church we have always need. May God raise up many!

Chapter IX

Myself

AT fifteen years of age I entered a corn merchant's office in Newcastle upon Tyne, and later joined a Scotsman in a canned goods business, which subsequently resulted in the foundation of my own enterprise which I carried on from 1902 till 1930. At the end of that time I retired on the modest capital that has amply provided for my needs, and have since—I am now eighty years old (1954)—devoted my time to the forwarding of religious and social activities. Those years have been the happiest in my life; and my wife and myself recently celebrated our Golden Wedding (1954). To both of us has been given the joy of two sons and two daughters, with their eight grandchildren (1954).

The years have flown by very swiftly, interrupted by the intervention of two World Wars, and our married life has been spent in our several homes in Newcastle, and our country house at Rothbury.

The backward view of the journey is crowded with the blessings that have been granted to us, and the memory of many happy friendships, although the circle is steadily decreasing by those who are now on "the other side".

Chapter X

The Northern Baptists

THOSE who have read thus far in my writing will have been impressed by the fact that the "Angus Clan" was dominated in all of its actions by a deeply religious outlook. Its members fled from Scotland in 1584 when, with a more accommodating spirit, they might have retained their position and their possessions there without disturbance. When they settled in Northumberland they immediately acted on their religious convictions by founding a Baptist fellowship in the home of one of them—Alexander Angus. The Juniper Dye House, in the Hexhamshire, was perhaps the beginning of the establishment of the Baptist Chapels which sprang up in some of the villages of Northumberland and Durham where they were founded more than three hundred years ago.

It is a question as to whether the Baptists first found their inspiration in England or Scotland, although it is probable that it was in England that the fellowship began its work; but it is certain, I think, that quite early in the same century the movement was also making progress in Scotland, and it will be seen that my father's forbears (the Watsons) had a chapel in Montrose, N.B.

Who were the Baptists, and in what way did they differ from the other Free Church denominations?

Scotland was, and is, dominatingly Presbyterian in outlook; in England the State Church, which is Anglican, overshadowed the lesser activities of the Free Churches. But both of these forms of worship differed from the Baptist outlook. The European Free Church movement first drew its inspiration, in the mid-centuries, from the activities of Martin Luther in Germany. This was followed by the teaching of John Calvin, then domiciled in Switzerland, and following the teachings of these two men (including many others) sprang the Puritan movement which found its final expression in the establishment of the "Brownists", now known as the Congregationalists. The Baptists differed in only a small degree from this fellowship. They refused to accept the doctrine of infant baptism (now commonly called "christening") and claimed that baptism could only be validly justified when administered to true believers. Their position rested on the scriptural injunction: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." (Mark 16, 16.)

They accepted a literalist interpretation of the Scriptures; believed in a form of primitive Christianity; were pacifist in their outlook on war; and were self-governing in their separate Churches. They had no written Creed, believing that the Christian was guided in his beliefs and outlook by the Holy Spirit, and regarded material possessions as relatively unimportant. They were the first Church to accept the responsibility for the work of Foreign Missions as a charge on

all their members. They lived simply, and were liberal in their political outlook. Generally speaking, they were what is now described as "fundamentalist" in outlook. While modern Baptists have modified some of the early teachings of the fellowship, and do not even insist on baptism as a necessity for church membership, they still hold the same theological views as their forbears. In this they have accepted much the same principles as the Congregationalists, save on the subject of infant christening.

I may now give an outline of the growth of the Baptist Church movement in the Northern Counties, and find my inspiration for this from the writing of the Rev. Fergus G. Little, M.A., who has kindly given me permission to reprint this.

HISTORY OF THE BAPTISTS OF TYNESIDE

Hexham

The beginnings of Baptist witness in the North are obscure. We hear of a Baptist preacher near Newcastle in 1651, and we know that Colonel Robert Lilburn, Governor of Newcastle in 1647, was a Baptist, while the Deputy Governor of the town in 1648—one Paul Hobson—was also probably a Baptist. This supposition is strengthened by the fact that the first signature of witness to a marriage in the Hexham records of 13th November, 1653, is that of Paul Hobson. The earliest historical records come to us from Hexham Baptist Church,

founded in 1652. There is, however, a letter from the Baptist Church at Hexham to the Church at Coleman Street, London, which states, "The only Church in this country which was in the profession of the faith before us hath rather weakened our hands in ye Lord's work through their harshness." A marginal note tells us that this refers to the Baptist Church at Newcastle. In the *Memoirs of Ambrose Barnes*, a Christian business man of the town, there are various references to Anabaptists and Baptists which show that by the year 1652, when the Hexham church was founded, a church in Newcastle had been well established under the ministry of Thos. Gower, with Paul Hobson as elder. An entry in the warden's book at Gateshead refers to the sum of 6/8d., spent in taking Gower, the first Baptist minister of Newcastle, to prison at Durham for preaching in the house of one Mr. Watson.

In the year 1652, then, we have two Baptist communities in the North, one at Hexham and the other at Newcastle —and from these two sources the churches of our Northern Association have sprung. The story of how they have flourished, for a time here, for a time there, is really the story of the strong spiritual power of the individuals who, under God, led them. The leaders of both churches were strong men who differed in their outlook, and their differences enable us to trace their history.

The Baptist community in Newcastle seems to have flourished under the influence of Cromwell's army and largely to have been led by those connected with the Army.

Thos. Gower, while a minister, separated and ordained, seems to have held that no minister should be dependent for his support upon the ministry itself. It seems to have been this conception of the ministry that led to bitter feeling between Gower of Newcastle and Tillam of Hexham. Tillam was appointed to a Lectureship at Hexham Abbey by the Mercers' Company of London, and held that the ministry was a full-time task, and that the minister should be supported by those who called him.

While Gower and Tillam were ministers at Newcastle and at Hexham, the churches in both places flourished. As the church at Newcastle seems to have been the earliest Baptist Church in the North, let us follow the history of its beginning as fully as we can, and then follow the story of the Hexham Church.

Newcastle

The early history of the Baptist community in Newcastle is shrouded in mystery. We know that in the time of Gower the Baptists met at St. Thomas Chapel, Bridge End. When they commenced to meet, or how they came into existence, we do not know with certainty. Ambrose Barnes speaks of Colonel Axtel who worshipped at this church, and who was a staunch upholder of the Baptist position. We can, however, imagine that, with the migration into the town of Cromwell's army, and the decadent state of the spiritual life of the town, the little community, seeking a spiritual home, found this in the chapel at the Bridge End. So long as

Thomas Gower remained in the town the cause flourished. Three incidents mark his ministry: his opposition to the new community at Hexham (especially his dispute with Tillam); his being hailed to prison at Durham; and his being suspected of complicity in a plot against the life of the King. The Church at Newcastle was in direct fellowship with the Baptist Church at Coleman Street, London.

Lectureship at Hexham

The spiritual state of the country so concerned the Government of the day that everything was done to ensure strong evangelical preaching at strategic points. This was done through Lectureships such as that at Hexham, and Tillam —a member of the Church at Coleman Street, and an evangelist—was appointed to the Lectureship at Hexham in 1651. When he came north he carried with him a recommendation from the Coleman Street Church as a messenger. Within seven months of his settlement he had gathered a small community of sixteen people who accepted the Baptist doctrine and outlook, and they formed themselves into a church either in the Chapter House at the Abbey, or, more probably, in the "Parish Church House" at Hexham. The little community was attached to Mr. Tillam. It is true that he was only an evangelist and not an ordained minister, and it seems to have been this fact that led to difficulties with Gower and the Newcastle Church. Tillam regarded himself as having a roving commission as a Baptist minister, and while

encouraging the life of the community at Hexham, he sought to establish little communities in the country round about. In this way there commenced in the year 1653 the Baptist Church at Stokesley. Mr. Tillam and friends from Hexham gathered with Mr. William Kaye, and nineteen members who were baptized with him, to form the Stokesley Church.

Hexham Baptist Church never seems to have had an established abode. The fellowship met at Hexham, and at various farms belonging to the members at Muggleswick Park, Dotland Park and Ardley House. So strong did the little community become that it sent out messengers to Scotland, where Colonel Lilburn was in charge of the Army at Dalkeith. Two persons were so commissioned—Edward Hickhorngill and Thomas Stackhouse in 1652-3 respectively. Hickhorngill went ostensibly to be a chaplain, but soon after his arrival changed his views and thought he could be more usefully engaged in another occupation connected with the Army. Writing to the Hexham Church a little later, on the question of the conception of the ministry, he stated, "Captain Turner has changed his opinion and we hope Gower will do the same."

Gower and Tillam

This dispute on the conception of the ministry had already raised difficulty between Newcastle and Hexham. Gower seems to have challenged Tillam's credentials and his whole conception of the ministry, and to have written to Coleman

Street Church on the question. The Church at Hexham rallied round their pastor, and wrote to Coleman Street, asking them to have him ordained as their minister. Coleman Street wrote back suggesting that Tillam had been sent out as an evangelist, but on the question of his becoming a minister the Church at Hexham must accept responsibility: they must decide whether or not he satisfied the requirements put forth in the Epistles of Timothy and Titus. The Church at Hexham replied satisfying the London Church, who agreed to the ordination if the Hexham Church could come to an agreement with Newcastle. Meanwhile, Tillam set out for London. Just prior to this, he wrote to Newcastle, condemning a Major Hobson—a member of the Newcastle Church—for his conduct, and the dispute flared up again. It seems as if, this time, Tillam was at fault. Gower wrote to the Hexham Church asking wherein lay Hobson's error, and it was discovered that Tillam had reported on Hobson's conduct prior to his becoming a member. Gower asked for Tillam's credentials as a minister, and asserted that the Hexham Church had "only come out from Rome by half". To this, Ord—the elder of Hexham Church—replied, defending Tillam, and asking what Gower meant by coming "out from Rome by half". Gower then sent to Hexham twelve specific charges against Tillam. He seems to have communicated with the Coleman Street Church and that Church repudiated Tillam. On this issue, the Church at Hexham became divided, Richard Ord of Tyneside taking the part of the pastor while John Ward of Muggleswick

Park and his section of the church disowned Tillam. On returning to Hexham, Tillam became disheartened, and in 1656 resigned and went to Germany, there to await, as he thought, the expected return of our Lord and Saviour. A few years later we hear of Tillam in London disputing on the "Sabbath question" with a Secularist.

The cause at Hexham divided, Ward remaining minister of the vigorous church meeting at Muggleswick Park, and Ord leading the Tyneside Church which met in farms around Hexham and at Juniper Dye House. Efforts at reconciliation were furthered by Mr. Turner of Newcastle, the minister who succeeded Gower, and ultimately proved successful.

The Tyneside section of the Hexham Church declined in effectiveness, and ultimately found its chief meeting-place in Juniper Dye House. The Derwentside section however became a strong and thriving cause. About this time Mr. Henry Blacket, an Irishman who had come to reside at Bitchburn Farm (now called Beechburn Farm), joined Ward as minister of the three sections of the Derwentside Church then meeting at Muggleswick Park, Bitchburn and Hindley. As a baby, Henry Blacket had been saved from death by the love of his nurse. It was in Belfast, one of the periodic attempts to murder Protestant families had been determined, and the nurse had heard of what was intended. She could not bear to think of the little one suffering and, in time, warned Blacket's parents, so that they escaped from Ireland.

Tuthill Stairs Baptist Chapel, Newcastle upon Tyne

Newcastle upon Tyne

There were other Baptist churches in existence in the North at the opening of the century, but these trace their history directly from the Newcastle Church, whose history we will now trace in detail.

Early references to Baptists in Newcastle are few and far between; what we can glean about them we owe to a merchant of the town (Ambrose Barnes) whose memoirs have been preserved by the Surtees Society. From this source we learn that "during the Protectorate the ministers who occupied the vicarage and the hospital of St. Mary Magdalene allowed the Baptists the use of the Chapel of St. Thomas on the Bridge". This bridge was later replaced by the present Swing Bridge. St. Thomas' Chapel was later removed to Barras Bridge, where a new and beautiful church, St. Thomas the Martyr, now stands.

There is a fine reference to the broadmindedness of one of these Anabaptists—a Colonel Axtel. Meeting one Sunday morning with a merchant friend who was making his way to All Hallows' Church, Colonel Axtel, who was wending his way to the Chapel at Bridge End, smilingly remarked, "My friend and I go different ways, but we shall shortly go to one and the same heaven." The Colonel was not only broad-minded but held his convictions so strongly that he became embroiled in the political issues of the day, and finally was executed at Tyburn. Barnes tells us that he was present at Furnival Inn, London, when a Cavalier who was

with him heard that Colonel Axtel was going to his execution. This gentleman had had a dispute with Axtel and declared in a rapture of joy, "I'll go and see that rogue hung." The execution over, however, he returned to the inn in a very different frame of mind. "His eyes melting in tears, his countenance ruffled, a strange disturbance in his face," he cried out, "What a man has the world lost! He made a prayer that made my hair stand on end! O, what will become of me. The man is gone to heaven! Axtel is certainly gone to heaven."

In 1649 Baptist doctrine spread rapidly in the Army, and the Deputy Governor of Newcastle, Paul Hobson, was closely connected with the church there.

Over the community of Baptists at St. Thomas' Chapel, Thomas Gower probably presided as minister from some time before 1651 till at least 1669. By 1663 the Baptist community in Newcastle, Tyneside and Derwentside must have gained considerable importance, since one John Elrington became informant against them in what is known as "The Muggleswick Conspiracy". This "Conspiracy" received considerable notice, and awakened much feeling. Nine Baptist leaders were arrested for complicity but stoutly denied any knowledge of the plot, or frequent meetings. Finally Elrington was proved to have concocted the whole tale, and the prisoners were set free. Surtees in his history sums up the case thus: "The two troops of Anabaptist horse and the men who forded the Derwent with glittering broadswords are reduced to Joseph Hopper, who took five weeks jaunt into

Ireland, and had reasons for not informing his wife." The interest of the plot to us is that the Baptist community was strong enough to have attracted the notice of the authorities.

There is a reference in the Gateshead accounts of 1669 which Barnes takes as applying to Gower. It reads as follows:

> "Spent at Durham, being caused to witness against Mr. Gore for preaching at Richard Stockton's on Sunday, July 11th—4/-.
>
> "Spent at Durham by William Snarney (a church warden) and Thos. Wilson being subpanned into witness against Mr. Goore and commanded to stay 5 days to attend the Assize, £1 10/-."

From the Hexham records we know that Gower was followed in the pastorate at Newcastle by Mr. Turner, who was finally responsible for the bringing together of the two sections of the Hexham Church. It is probably this same Turner who is recorded as delegate to the Baptist General Assembly in London in 1689, as Pastor Turner. From Barnes we learn that Richard Pitts was minister of Newcastle from 1689 to 1698.

In the London proceedings for 1692 we learnt that "for some years past the churches have had several associate and county meetings, and one general one in London annually". Whatever may be the meaning of the expression "some years past", it is certain that the Northern Association met in 1690, and queries of the Assembly had been answered by

"The Messengers of the Churches". The Bitchburn Association included the Churches of Muggleswick and Tyneside (Hexham). The Associated Churches generally met in villages; previously to 1715 they assembled at Newton Cap, Bitchburn, Bridlington, Broughton and Hamsterley.

Where the Baptists of Newcastle worshipped from the Restoration to 1720 is not clear, but from the list of ministers it is certain that the Church had a continuous history. Sometimes it flourished—sometimes it languished. In the years 1704-06 the case of the Church at Newcastle is urged upon the Baptists at their Associations as needing their help because of the weak condition it was in. Neal's *History of Dissenting Congregations in Newcastle* does not mention any Baptist church. This may, of course, be because they had no meeting house.

Tuthill Stairs

A change for the better occurred in 1720. In that year George West, a wealthy member of the Newcastle Church who lived at Gateshead, purchased for the sum of £120, and presented to the community, "An old building on the east side of Tuthill Stairs, opposite the Mansion House. The lower part of it was a large room with a highly ornamented ceiling and wainscotted walls on which was a wooden tablet marked 1588." It contained pews and to one of them was affixed two hands supposed to have been for holding the sword and mace of the Corporation. The Baptists now con-

verted the lower room into a meeting house, and the upper part of the building served as a dwelling house for the minister.

This old house had an interesting history. In 1587 it was the residence of Henry Chapman and was later given as a wedding gift to Sir Thomas Riddle by his father-in-law. In 1637 it became the residence of Yelderd Alvey, the High Church Vicar of Newcastle—probably till his promotion to the Vicarage. In 1647 it passed to Edward Stote. Up till 1662 there is no trace of any religious use of the property. Douglas suggests that "The Corporation of Newcastle previously to the Revolution attended it as a place of worship". There is no confirmation of this apart from the fact that the pews were there, and had a place for sword and mace. The finest description of the room, which was turned into a chapel, comes from letters written by John Foster, who was probationer minister at Tuthill Stairs for four months in 1792. Writing to a schoolmaster friend he says:—

> "Our meeting for amplitude and elegance! I believe you never saw its equal. It is to be sure considerably larger than your lower school." In another letter he says, "It was not large enough to receive a hundred persons, but then so black and so dark. It looks just like a conjuring room and accordingly the ceiling is covered with curious antique figures to add to the magic. The thing that they call a pulpit is as black as a chimney and indeed there is a chimney-piece and a very large old fire-case behind it.

> There is nothing by which the door of the same pulpit can be fastened, so that it remains partly open, as if to invite some good person or other to assist you when you are in. . . . Yet I like this pulpit mightily. 'Tis so much the reverse of that odious priestly pomp which insults your eye in many places. I hate priestly consequence and ecclesiastical formalities. When I order a new coat I believe it will not be black."

The foregoing quotation is interesting as a description of the room in which from 1720-97 the Baptists worshipped in Tuthill Stairs, and incidentally serves to remind us that John Foster, the famous essayist, was probationer minister there just prior to a time when the church entered upon a new lease of life spiritually.

George West, in 1720, gave the church a home; several ministers came and went. Of these, David Fernie, who served the church on two occasions as minister and oft-times preached during his itineracy in the North, left the most lasting impression. John Allen was minister from 1769-71. He came from London and during his short pastorate was responsible for the winning of Charles Whitfield, who later became minister at Hamsterley. John Grice, a surgeon's instrument-maker, who was baptized at the same time as Charles Whitfield, declared some years later, to Richard Pengilly, that the two youths were baptized on September 2nd, 1769, "in a well, surrounded by a brick wall, near the chapel gates, at the head of Tuthill Stairs".

Richard Pengilly

It was with the coming of Richard Pengilly to the Tuthill Stairs ministry in 1807 that the real foundations of a happy fellowship were laid. He remained as minister for thirty-eight years, and retained to the end the affection and love of his people. Richard Pengilly was a Cornishman from Penzance. Becoming persuaded of a rightness of Baptist practice, after witnessing a Baptismal service, he joined the Baptist Church of Penzance, and was sent by them to Bristol College to train for the Ministry of the Word. Dr. Rylands, on the request of the deacons of Tuthill Stairs, sent Mr. Pengilly on probation. His coming to Newcastle was fraught with great blessing and he was ordained to the ministry of a church whose membership was only twenty-nine. When he resigned in 1845 the membership was two hundred and nine.

His labours were widespread in the town. He joined Mr. George Fife Angas in commencing a Sunday School in the old room in Tuthill Stairs. In 1809 he, along with others, founded the Newcastle Auxiliary of the Bible Society. In 1810, along with C. N. Wann and John Fenwick, he commenced the Newcastle Religious Tract Society. A few years later, he was instrumental in starting the local auxiliary of the B.M.S., of which for a number of years he was Secretary and Assistant Treasurer. During his ministry a number of students were set apart by the church for preparation for the ministry—William Fisher, who became minister at Hindley, Thomas Howieson, minister at Alnwick, and

Joseph Angus, whose promise the church had early discovered, and who, after being minister of Park Street, Southwark, London, became President of Regent's Park College. It is generally believed that a Tract written by Pengilly was the means of the conversion of J. G. Oncken, founder of the Baptist movement in Germany. A letter written, in beautiful English, by Oncken to John L. Angus of Newcastle in 1843 has been preserved.

Although the church prospered under his ministry Richard Pengilly found that he had to become a schoolmaster in order to provide for his growing family. This led some of his members to feel that he was not visiting as he should and that he should give himself more to his work at Tuthill Stairs. They loved their minister but felt the matter so strongly that nine years after his settlement they expressed their dissatisfaction. Richard Pengilly handled the matter in such a way that instead of causing friction this led rather to the strengthening of Baptist witness in the town. He placed his resignation in the hands of the church, the great majority of whose members were with him in his attitude, and the twenty-nine members who voted its acceptance were ultimately, at their request, dismissed to form another Baptist Church in the town. They gathered in 1817 in the Carpenters' Hall, and, after being supplied by various men, they called Geo. Sample, one of the Tuthill Stairs members, to be their minister. They finally erected New Court Chapel, Pink Lane, where they worshipped till they removed to Rye Hill, and ultimately became Wycliff Church. The relations

between the churches were of the best, the two ministers remaining on the friendliest of terms, so that eventually, when Richard Pengilly resigned in 1845, he was able to introduce Mr. Sample to the Tuthill Stairs Church as his successor, and twenty-nine members returned to the mother church with their minister. This corresponded exactly to the number who had originally been dismissed to form the new cause.

It is perhaps fitting here to record that Providence Chapel, which ultimately became Marlborough Crescent Baptist Church, was formed entirely independently of Tuthill Stairs. A number of people who met for worship prior to 1834 in the Cordwainers' Hall, High Bridge, built Providence Chapel in that year. In 1865 the minister of Rye Hill, the Rev. B. Wildon Carr, and a number of his members, withdrew. They met for sometime in the Town Hall, but finally obtained the use of the chapel in Marlborough Crescent and established it as a Baptist Church.

Richard Pengilly was a man of large vision, deep spiritual piety and of strong evangelical sympathies. George Sample, who followed him as minister, although through ill-health he only remained three years, was equally loved by his people.

For some years the church had been feeling that it should move out from a quarter which was becoming depopulated and in 1853 under the leadership of the Rev. Thomas Pottenger it moved to Bewick Street. Here in a neighbourhood which was largely of the merchant class, the church pros-

pered, and had to be enlarged to accommodate the increasing congregation.

The faithful ministries of the Rev William Walters and the Rev. James Mursell increased the vigour of the Church. Its activities were manifold; the chapel at Tuthill Stairs was retained as a Sunday School for the neighbourhood, while a Sunday School at Bewick Street grew apace with the work there. In 1887 twenty-six members were dismissed from Bewick Street to help in forming a Baptist Church in the Mechanic's Institute, Gateshead.

On the growth of the Baptist Church in Northumberland, it will be seen that both the Congregational and Baptist fellowships were founded about the same time, and that these Free Churches were the foundation of the work of the Pilgrim Fathers and the establishment of the great religious movement which resulted in the creation of the present United States Republic.

It may interest readers to see a brief reference that I made to the Northern Baptists on the occasion of the Three Hundredth Anniversary of the Rowley Baptist Chapel, County Durham, on the 19th July, 1952:

I have read a good deal about the formation of the early Baptist fellowship, and its subsequent growth in this part of the country, but nowhere have I found an answer to my problem as to why it first became established in Scotland, as I believe it was. North Britain is dominantly Presbyterian—it is the National Church—and at one time the Scots went to

war in 1592 with England to impose the Presbyterian form of worship on this country. Why did the Baptists find a footing in Scotland, and what were the forces that made it prosper there?

I have a theory on this issue which may have no validity, but it is none the less interesting. One of my early forbears on my father's side was a trader, residing in Montrose, who had a business in Hamburg. He was a deeply religious man, and no doubt came in touch with the Lutherans there, who were in rebellion against the corrupt Roman Church in Germany. There appears to be no doubt that it was in Switzerland that the Independent or Baptist fellowship first came into being in the sixteenth century (1526-1554), but this was part of a movement steadily growing all over Europe because of the Calvinist and Lutheran influence which had inspired the revolt of Nonconformity. My forbear's name was Watson, and either he or one of his descendants founded the first Baptist Church in Montrose, of which my grandfather was much later to become a minister. The cause still continues there.

Montrose is in the Kingdom of Forfar, now reverted to the Kingdom of Angus (its original name), from whence came the Earl of Angus and his clan when they fled from Scotland during the religious persecutions there, and settled in the Hexhamshire. Alexander Angus, who was one of the first settlers in the Juniper Dye House in 1584, was one of the first of the Angus Clan in England, and his house was traditionally the centre of the first Baptist cause in Northumber-

land. He was one of my first traceable ancestors. His successors helped to found the Independent Chapels at Hindley, Broomley, Broomhaugh and Whitley Chapel, and perhaps in Rowley, but this is not quite certain, I think. One of his heirs was Sarah Ann Angus, and she was my great-grandmother, and her son was also a Baptist minister who had a charge in Tewkesbury, which is the only Baptist church there, and to which is attached the burial ground of some of Cromwell's family. So, as I believe, on both sides the Watsons and the Anguses were pioneers in the Northern Baptist cause.

Sarah Ann Angus married a schoolmaster called Garner Wilkinson, and settled with him at Heddon-on-the-Wall, and had a family of her own of ten children, in addition to a further four whom she adopted. She was an altogether remarkable woman, as were many of the family, and one of her cousins was John Angus, D.D., a Principal of Regent's Park College, and at one time Secretary of the Baptist Union.

Perhaps, therefore—and I can only say perhaps—Rowley Chapel came into being because one of my ancestors, as a result of his trading ventures in Hamburg, brought the seed of the Baptist Church into Scotland and founded the first fellowship there; and the Earl of Angus, who was a close neighbour, was caught up by the message, which he subsequently brought with his followers to the Hexhamshire. What is certain is that the Angus Clan helped forward the establishment of the first fellowship in the North.

I have said that my great-grandmother was a remarkable

woman. Let me give one or two illustrations of this fact. To eke out the family income of her schoolmaster husband, and to provide for the education of her brood of children, she opened a village shop, and this became the centre of the Free Church life of Heddon-on-the-Wall. Here she had a daily Bible reading with her neighbours. When one of them was dying she expressed fears for the future of her four parentless children. My great-grandmother at once offered to adopt them, and finally did so. They all did well. To increase her income she cultivated rhubarb—then a somewhat rare fruit—and earned fifty pounds a year by selling it in Newcastle market. Once when returning home at night her progress was stopped by a robber in Walbottle Dene. As she showed no fear, her intruder said to her, "Are you not afraid?" "Why should I be?" she replied, "I have a good protector behind," meaning that God was near to protect her; whereupon her molester disappeared. She lived to a great age.

What was the cause of the prosperity of the Baptist fellowship at this time? It was successful because it believed and taught the principles of primitive Christianity. It believed in simplicity of living, personal conversion, and full dedication, and its call to convert men and women outside of the Church by precept and example. It cared little for material prosperity: its citizenship was in Heaven, and its fellowship were but pilgrims on a journey to a better Kingdom.

Our Baptist forbears believed that conduct was more important than creed, and in the final experience of living we only

acted upon the precepts that we fully believed. That is why, like my own Congregational Church, the Baptists have no written creed, but believe in the mystical revelation of the Holy Spirit working in the hearts of each one of us. The core of their religion can be found in the Thirteenth Chapter of the First book of Corinthians, with Paul's amazing revelation of the power of the spirit of love. Here, of course, you have the vital difference between the Communist doctrine of class hatred and the religious teaching of personal love. It is a mistake to think of Marxian Communism as a political formula: it is not that, but of its kind of religious creed accepted as a passionate conviction by its followers. Maybe it is the spirit of Satan which in the Revelations we are warned will come as a final challenge to Christianity.

Rowley Church and the Baptist fellowship may look back with pride on the road that it has come. But it is not enough for us to live in the past. The flaming dedication that governed the personal conduct of our forefathers needs to be re-born in the present generation, and it is only by a return to their outlook on life that the future progress of our country can be assured.

We may well make this a memorable anniversary by celebrating it in a spirit of re-dedication and a personal resolve with each of our members that we may continue the heritage which made our forbears the really great men and women that they certainly were.

NOTE. I am now satisfied that the English branch of the Baptist Church was founded before that fellowship in Scotland, which was of a later date.

Chapter XI

The Australian Branch of the Family

ONE of the most distinguished members of the Angus clan (though he changed his name to that of Angas) was George Fife Angas, who was born in 1789. He is the first link with our Australian cousins. His *Life* has been published (though long out of print) and still provides fascinating reading. By any measure, he was an unusually gifted man. He was one of the founders of the present National Provincial Bank of England, and of the Southern Australian colony, later joined to the federated Australian Commonwealth, and was largely responsible for prevailing upon our Government to adopt the then infant colony of New Zealand as part of the British Commonwealth. He died at the great age of ninety years.

On the 1st May, 1789, there was born to the house of Caleb Angas his seventh child and youngest son, George Fife Angas. Like his elder brother William, he grew up in the atmosphere of strict non-conformist piety which characterized the family of Angas—and his character and subsequent career all through his long life were dominated by its influence.

He was far from robust in his early youth—and his nature was sensitive and introspective—as one of his biographers has written: "George never was a boy . . . and we shall wish, as we study the developed character of the man, that he had known the buoyant, elastic, airy, volatile spirit of childhood."

When he was fifteen, his father (as in the case of brother William) wished him to study for the Bar, but George begged that he might be allowed to follow his father's business. He was accordingly apprenticed to the coach-building trade and worked so hard that he accomplished in three years the training which usually took seven! He spent two years in London to become overseer of his father's famous coach-building business.

In April, 1812, he married Rosetta French of Hutton, in Essex, and the following letter, written to the young lady in 1808 (George was only nineteen!) gives some idea of his portentously serious outlook on life!

"Thoughts on the improvement of the mind and manners, addressed to a young lady.

"The first step that a young lady can take towards the improvement is to be convinced that she wants it. The mind is situated in such an obscure recess, and is so little the object of the senses that it is a difficult matter to take a view of it at all; much more to behold it in its true light. Hence we are apt to believe it sufficiently furnished when desolate and empty; and to think it properly cultivated,

though it produces little more than the rude growth of nature.

"Better, however, is even that growth, than some artificial product. Better is the harvest of wild simplicity than the rank and thriving crops that have been cultivated by the industry of Folly! Of all the offensive weeds that are apt to spring up in a young mind and to oppress its better fruits, affectation is the most destructive—where it takes root, the love of truth and nature perish unavoidably, and artifice and insincerity usurp their place.

"Qualities like these are so infinitely odious, so perfectly opposite to all that is amiable or deserving of confidence, that, if a lady had an aversion to being beloved, she could not find a more effectual antidote. Never, madame, have I known an affected woman possessed of any amiable or virtuous quality!

"A mind which affectation has alienated from every natural principle of simplicity, loses, at the same time, the social virtues and becomes indifferent to the interests and reputation of others.

"For the improvement of the manners, something more must be necessary than the mere acquisition of knowledge; and this something I take to be the cultivation of benevolence and sincerity. An infinite number of virtues will spring from these valuable roots. The love of human kind will make you a friend to every fellow-creature, and, together with the approbation of your own heart, general esteem and admiration will be your reward.

"The love of truth will always save you from affectation

and all its disagreeable consequences. Sacrifice at the shrine of nature and rather borrow from her your manners and sentiments than from the fantastic humours of fashion. From her likewise borrow your knowledge and not from the labours of the schools.

"Ignorance is the characteristic of childhood and the mind that is uninformed, at whatever period of life, is still in a puerile state.

"These, madame, are enquiries worthy of a rational creature, worthy that acute and penetrating genius which the liberal hand of nature has given you. Make an adequate use of her generous and valuable gifts. Despise the sneer of superficial foppery that is ever jealous of superior sense and dreads the knowledge of a woman on account of its own ignorance.

"If you are not without hopes of being united to a man of an accomplished mind, qualify yourself for his company—let him not be obliged to consider his wife merely as a domestic, useful in her appointment; make him esteem her as a rational companion whose conversation may enliven the hours of solitude and who, with a mind not vacant or unfurnished, may, like the householder in the Gospel, 'bring forth out of her treasure things new and old'.

"There are provinces in which our sex may properly acquire and maintain superiority of knowledge, and in which it would not be worth your while to excel. There are, likewise, certain departments in which you should claim unrivalled the compliment of excellence; but the cultivation of the mind should

be equally the care of both, since nature has given, to both, minds equally capable of cultivation.

"The genius of poetry has a softening and humanizing influence on the mind; and its pathetic powers increase that sensibility, that enthusiastic tenderness and delicacy of affection which renders your lovely sex so justly the delight and admiration of ours.

"After all, madame, whatever proficiency you may have it in your power to make in literary accomplishments, forget not that the qualities of the heart are infinitely preferable to those of the head.

"A habit of computing steadies the mind and subdues the soaring of the imagination, hence the great value of studying arithmetic if you find a difficulty in bringing your mind to reflect any length of time on a particular subject. The human mind naturally shrinks back from the attainment of knowledge, so that it requires no small degree of fortitude, perseverance, and application to bring the mind to a regular course of study and still more to bring yourself to delight in it and to derive a pleasure from it superior to any other of an earthly kind.

"Read as little by candlelight as you possibly can, rather reflect on those subjects in the evening which you have read or heard the day before. By that means you will preserve your eyes at the same time that you improve and strengthen your mental faculties. In reading be careful not to pass over any word whatever on any account without understanding the meaning of it.

"You should by all means get a competent knowledge of the constitution of your own country, which certainly claims your consideration before you read ancient history.

"I hope and beg of you to attend to the state of your health, rise early and go to bed soon in the evening, and forget not that you have weak sight. Remember that there is no degree of mental acquisition that can ever be an equivalent for the loss of health, and, besides, health of body is necessary to strength of mind. Let me entreat you to attend to your health and sight for the sake of one who, though in a distant land, is still faithful and always mindful of the dearest of his earthly friends, and who puts himself under the same obligations for the sake of you.

"Cultivate the most extreme delicacy, the most refined modesty both in dress and manners which are the safest guardian of the female sex. Above all things you must adhere to method, without which little or nothing will be done. You should have stated hours for your different studies, and let nothing whatever infringe upon the regulations of your time.

"I leave these few imperfect hints which I hope you will consider as a mark of my affection and love for you. Though imperfect in themselves, still I hope they may be of some use to you when you reflect they were dictated by the impulse of love and an earnest desire for your welfare."

By 1832, twenty years after his marriage, he had become a man of substance and affairs. Caleb had died in 1831—

William in 1832. George had left the North for London and had established himself there as a merchant and banker.

He had weathered the crisis of 1826, when Consols slipped down to 74; he had become a shrewd, far-seeing merchant who could still say that he put "God before business"; he was a banker now, and well known to the public men with whom he associated during the freeing of the Honduras slaves. His ruthless honesty appealed to the men of his day. So in 1832 he was invited to become a director of the company that was to traffic in such an important enterprise as a new colony . . . South Australia.

He liked the prospect. He saw South Australia as an instrument towards two objects—"to provide a place of refuge for pious Dissenters", and to provide farms on which pious families could work for their daily bread.

The State building had to go on without Angas, however, for, while E. G. Wakefield & Co. pressed on with their plans, the stable, solid man of business lay sick!

He struggled up from his sick bed and events raced. Angas could not see eye to eye with his co-directors. A deadlock was reached; and then, in one bold move, he promoted the South Australian Company, a gigantic piece of capitalized colony building. Only a man with Angas's grim determination would have tackled such an immense enterprise; only a man of his repute could have attracted the necessary capital, and brought the scheme to fruition.

Land in the colony was offered at prices ranging from 12/- to £1 an acre. It was rushed, and the colony boomed with-

out any further delay. The business man had rescued it from the dreamers. Others co-operated, and South Australia became a reality.

This was not achieved in a day. Before the infant colony was set upon its feet, Angas himself was to be brought "to the verge of bankruptcy" (his own words), thanks to unauthorized speculation in land in his name. Agents bought land ostensibly for him, with the result that drastic calls on his private purses were made when the land bubble burst.

Next to Angas's great service to Australia in the founding of South Australia was his personal exertion in providing the infant colony with citizens. The most interesting of his efforts in that direction was the organization of immigration from Germany.

An account of the persecution of certain Lutherans in Prussia over a hundred years ago, and the part played in their liberation by the great English empire-builder, George Fife Angas, may enable us to draw a parallel between events of 1935 in Germany and those of 1835.

In 1822 a new liturgy was issued by King Frederick William III of Prussia, compiled by himself, partly from the old Lutheran liturgy and partly from that of the Reformed Church. The Lutheran Church and the Reformed Church differed greatly in their views of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, as well as on many minor points of doctrine. The Lutherans, in particular, felt it their religious duty to stand out against the innovations at all costs, and when, in 1825,

steps were taken to make the new liturgy compulsory, the gauntlet was thrown down that led to battle.

The quarrel lasted until 1829, when the Government sought to end it by issuing a new edition of the liturgy, in which certain concessions were made, and promulgated a formal order, fixing June 25th, 1830 (the third centenary of the presentation to the Emperor Charles of the statement known as the Augsburg Confession) as the day for its universal introduction. But the order was not universally obeyed. The original Lutheran churches were in deadly opposition to the new liturgy, their contention being that it contained statements at variance with the Augsburg Confession, and that it was a violation of the Treaty of Westphalia which had constituted that confession as the standard, for all purposes, of the reformed religion.

This Lutheran opposition was followed by coercion amounting to persecution. Pastors declining the use of the liturgy were dismissed from their churches, and forbidden to attend private meetings of their parishioners for the purpose of instructing them or of administering the Sacraments. In proportion as the Lutherans stood firm, so the violence of the persecution increased. Matters went from bad to worse until at length many of the persecuted congregations determined to seek religious freedom and tolerance in another part of the world.

It was at this moment that one of the most courageous and energetic of the Lutheran pastors, Pastor Kavel, determined to seek help in England for his persecuted flock. He accord-

ingly went to London in April, 1836, and addressed himself to George Fife Angas. Mr. Angas's sympathies were aroused, and he determined to help the persecuted German congregations to leave their Fatherland and emigrate to the new colony of South Australia. Many of those who desired to emigrate had no funds with which to pay for their outfit or passage, and among 727 individuals who were clamouring for this opportunity, the total funds at their disposal amounted to less than £6,000.

The Prussian Government put every possible obstacle and difficulty in the way of the intending emigrants, refusing them passports, although under the Treaty of Westphalia free emigration was granted to every subject of Germany and Prussia. A year passed away, and still the Lutherans were detained. The Prussian Government began to feel embarrassed because the detention of these people and its cause was becoming known in England and elsewhere, and was leading to severe comment and censure.

Fresh coercive measures were put forth, and it was now announced that only those who were of full age and had done their military service would obtain passports, the intention being to break up families and to detain the young men whose services would be most valuable in the colony. Fines, imprisonment, seizure of cattle, household furniture, and implements of husbandry followed. Deputations to the King were forbidden, and persons assembling for worship were dragged away from their conventicles by the police; if the door chanced to be locked, it was broken through with an

axe, and all the persons arrested were subjected to fines and penalties.

At the end of January, 1838, it seemed that the Prussian Government was prepared to grant passports, after playing a cat and mouse game with the Lutherans for two years. Pastor Kavel was able to inform Mr. Angas that one hundred and sixty-five persons were ready to emigrate if the South Australian company would undertake to advance the passage-money, embark the emigrants and employ them in the colony. Finally, having failed to obtain assistance, Mr. Angas at his own personal cost and risk, sent out two hundred persons in July, 1838. In September, one hundred and ninety-nine Lutherans followed, and for several years regular sailings of German emigrants to South Australia took place from Hamburg, until about eight thousand were settled in the province.

Another great and little-known service which Angas rendered to the Empire was the saving of New Zealand from an expedition sent out by the French.

In 1838 he learned, through Baron Thierry, that the French Government was arranging to send out an expedition to appropriate the islands of New Zealand.

Angas made Lord Glenelg acquainted with the plan, and as a result H.M.S. *Druid* got there first, and concluded negotiations for the cession of the Islands to Great Britain, just five days before the French frigate *L'Aube* arrived with French colonists, who found themselves forestalled.

In 1843 the first Angas set foot on South Australian soil.

He was a youth of eighteen, and his name was John Howard Angas. His father's interests were his first charge and developmental stockbreeding was his second. Twelve years later, in 1855, young J. H. Angas and his brother were taking prizes at the Adelaide Agricultural Show with their imported rams. The elder Angas had also arrived here by then. In 1850 he sailed from England, bringing with him the new Constitution of South Australia. George Fife Angas hoped to present it himself—but the gods played a trick on him, and the Province received its charter out of the ship captain's dirty-linen bag.

George Angas was over sixty then, but he delved straight into public affairs. Within a year he became M.P. for Barossa, a seat which he held for fifteen years. He built in politics as he had built his gig bodies—solidly and slowly, with an eye to future wear and tear. He opposed the addition of the Northern Territory to his young State.

His employees were selected with the utmost care. When he was sending out men and ships to South Australia his diary tells us that "as far as in my power, in the appointment of officers and men I have sought out and engaged those who fear God. If I could not do this I took the next best I could find."

The name of Angas is painted on many streets in Adelaide and its suburbs. It is carved on a lovely park, and sunk in a vault; it is carried to the flying hilltops of Angaston, and graven in stone on the Angas Memorial that once stood outside Government House on North Terrace, and is now in Angas Garden, King William Road. It is perpetuated in

the quiet, green lands around Collingrove, and in the old still church on the sloping road beside the estate. Angas streets, Angas Park, Angaston, Angas estate, Angas Church, right throughout South Australia one finds the name held in honoured memory.

He who gave it to this State was a nervous, remote youth, and a highly-strung man, who, on the eve of the founding of his greatest enterprise, South Australia, was confined to his bed.

Yet he lived to be ninety, and he originated the South Australian Company (still with its brass nameplate in Adelaide), the Bank of South Australia, the National Provincial Bank of England, the Union Bank of Australia. He made and lost and made again a fortune; he fought the battle of the slaves of Honduras; he helped to outrace the French for the possession of New Zealand as a British colony.

He was offered a knighthood for services to his country, but he refused it; he was offered a baronetcy, and he declined that, too. He could claim descent from ancient earls, but he lived his life as a Puritan, and he died plain George Angas.

He always kept diaries, and their contents are singularly self-revealing. He had to combat his temper, he says. "Pride and self-glorification worry me when I search myself."

There is something splendidly patriarchal in the man, and although the moderns may isolate his teachings, they may be hard put to prove them wrong.

He took William Penn, founder of Pennsylvania, for his

model; he left fifty-nine volumes of diaries behind him; he danced a few steps on his ninetieth birthday; he could write at the end:

"I am running a race with Death at my heels! Considering the pressure upon my heart and mind, ever since I began life, and the wear and tear of the nerves and muscles, I am full of gratitude that I can still attend to my affairs and help others also in an ordinary measure. All that I do in my garden now is to admire it and to thank God that He has given me so much happiness in my old age."

As an illustration of George Fife Angas's far-seeing vision in world affairs and development, it should be put on record that he was the first person, at any rate in England, to suggest the cutting of a canal through the Isthmus of Panama, to link the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. As early as 1825 we find him recommending the "cutting of a ship canal through the Isthmus of Darien". The project was dropped, for Mr. Angas felt that he could not spare the time and energy required to launch such a huge undertaking, and as we know, the enterprise was eventually undertaken in 1879 by Baron de Lesseps, after the building of the Suez Canal.

The Panama Canal was not opened until 1915 and to-day (1955) a project is once more being discussed to cut another canal, where George Fife Angas originally planned it—through Lake Nicaragua.

A fuller account of the Australian branch of the Angas family is included in the record *Sons of Æneas*, written by the grand-daughter of George Fife Angas, Mrs. Beryl Du Pre.

Chapter XII

The Summing Up

I HAVE tried, through a study of the characteristics of the various members of my forbears, in so far as I understand them, to discover what qualities in my own character I may have inherited from them. This is not easy. Without doubt the religious influence that dominated their lives right down the centuries has played its part in my own outlook. My first recollection as a child is that of "playing churches", with my two sisters acting as a congregation. I joined the Church when I was sixteen years old, and have never been afflicted by what is described as "religious doubts". Faith in the "things unseen" has come quite naturally to me. This bias has no doubt developed from both sides of my family.

I am afraid that I have often been somewhat of a prig: to read the letter which George Fife Angas wrote to his fiancée, and which is included in these notes (page 94), suggests that he was one also. I have always hated war, and never could have been a good soldier. Some of my ancestors held the pacifist view. Whether this was from conviction, or moral cowardice, I do not pretend to know: perhaps both of these qualities played their part in shaping my own character.

I have always held the Liberal outlook in politics: I have never voted for any other Party. I always have felt a deep sympathy with the dispossessed, and have given a good deal of my time to social work in one form or another for the greater part of my lifetime. For me, the saying of Walt Whitman—"I desire nothing for myself which all others may not have on equal terms"—seemed to be a reasonable attitude towards life. I have always been a strong individualist, and have not expected that life would give me anything that I did not achieve by my own efforts. Although in sympathy with the Socialist aims, I have had no sympathy with its ideology. I have never found it difficult to express my thoughts either by speech or writing, but I have never been a good speaker. My grandfather, James Watson, was a ready writer and poet. I have always lacked worldly ambition—a quality which I think I have inherited partly from the Wilkinson branch of my family. I am naturally reserved, and while I have had a large circle of acquaintances, I have made few close friends. I have loved travel and reading, but have shown small expert appreciation of the arts.

I think I have fair business instincts, but have not the necessary ruthlessness to have made a really good business man. By temperament I am naturally self-contained and sensitive, and have always had a struggle to keep a naturally quick temper in full control. I have been somewhat of a rebel in religious thought, and cannot claim always to accept the orthodox view, and have never been completely loyal to any

merely denominational outlook. By temperament I am nearer to the Quaker cast of thought than that of the Sacerdotalist. My moral horizon has always been a rather narrow and intolerant one: the Puritan background of my father has frequently prevented me from easily forgiving the failures that I saw in human nature. I do not readily face unpleasant decisions, and often come to hasty and perhaps unfair conclusions. I do not easily pardon human weakness.

I love the countryside, with its lovely sights and sounds, and am never quite at home in the city. I am too reserved to be quite frank; and hate acrimonious discussion. Material possessions weigh lightly with me, and although I have had a full share of them, I do not think I have ever valued them over much. Here perhaps I must thank the influence of the first Alexander Angus, who willingly gave up all that he had to follow his leader from Scotland to the Hexhamshire, and was quite satisfied with the frugal living that he found there. I am rather ill-educated, but that is due more to my early circumstances than to my fault. I would have valued a University education more than any prize that life has given to me. My mother, who was really a well-educated woman, would have desired this for me too. I think I have a reasonably good brain and might have justified an adequate period of training and study. There is a vein of hardness in my nature, which I have striven all my life to eradicate. I do not suffer fools gladly, and am impatient with stupidity, not always making due allowance for the causes of it.

In this I see the influence of my grandfather, James Watson.

But one link is missing in my chain of inheritance. I know nothing of my paternal grandmother, Mary Stephen, who died when she was quite young (and long before I was born), after having borne my grandfather four children, one of whom was my father. She must have been a brave woman to have readily accepted the income of a poor minister who probably never earned more than £100 a year. She trained her children in a spirit of unselfishness, and she was a good wife. I wish I knew more of that early home, and the spirit that contributed to make it a happy one. A Puritan ancestry, governed by the somewhat narrow religious outlook that was more common three hundred years ago than it is to-day. A spirit of adventure which took some of my forbears to the ends of the earth, and made some of them greatly prosperous in their efforts. A love of simple living which found pleasure in winning the fruits of the earth, and valued little the rewards that some men regard as precious. A sensitive nature deeply concerned with the well-being of the under-privileged, and willing, where that was possible, to render disinterested service. A nature naturally aggressive, but never in the forwarding of self-interest, but sometimes intolerant and righteous over much. A strange blending of many different currents, some good and wholesome, but others somewhat harsh and unsympathetic.

All of these influences I find in some degree in my own personality that has much that is unattractive in it. Well

may I say, as I recall some of its limitations, the words of George MacDonald's hero who chose for his epitaph:

> Here lies David Elginbrod:
> Have mercy on me, oh Lord God,
> As I would have if I was God
> And Thou wert David Elginbrod.

FINIS

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